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SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.

THE EAST INDIES.

Historical and Descriptive Account of British India, from the most remote Period to the Present Time. (Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. VI.) Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

THERE is no tract of land upon the surface of the globe of so universal and ancient interest as that of British India. Whether we consider it for its natural mines of wealth, its picturesque grandeur, its variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral life, its delightful climate, its luxurious mode of life, or its stirring field diversions;—whether we consider it in its present resources, or its antiquarian interest, there is ample subject for instructive and pleasurable research. No wonder then that so many intelligent works have been written in description of this vast territory, from very early date to the present time, when the materials for description are still fresh and inexhausted, with the addition of new features and facts, which are every year discovering. The information concerning India is, for this very reason, of a most diversified and voluminous kind, and the proprietors of the “Edinburgh Cabinet Library” have done a kind service to the reading public whose means are limited and time precious, in presenting them with a condensation of this various information in a cheap and portable form, and that too through the united exertions of such names as Hugh Murray, James Wilson, Greville, Jameson, Whitelaw Ainslie, Rhind, Wallace, and Captain Clarence Dalrymple, who all have their several departments in the present work. The first volume, now before us, opens with a general view of the natural features of India, the interest of which, it is remarked, “must be greatly heightened by the consideration of its having become so completely a province of the British Empire. The government of this country now directs the fortunes of a hundred millions of people placed at the opposite extremity of the globe; and hence the well-being of the state is intimately suspended on that of this vast dependency. The connexion, too, is peculiarly strengthened by the great number of British subjects who are constantly going out to administer the affairs of that important colony. Closer personal ties, in many instances, are thereby formed with our eastern settlements than with the different provinces of Britain itself. Thousands, to whom Cornwall and Devonshire are almost strange lands, are connected by the most intimate social relations with Madras

and Calcutta. For such persons the history and description of our Indian possessions, independently of the grandeur of the subject and its connexion with national wealth and power, must have a peculiar interest, as being closely associated with the pursuits and prospects of their dearest friends.”

As to the climate, it is ingeniously said, that “India is, as it were, an epitome of the whole earth. It has regions that bask beneath the brightest rays of a tropical sun, and others, than which the most awful depths of the Polar world are not more dreary. The varying degrees of elevation produce here the same changes that arise elsewhere from the greatest difference of position on the earth’s surface. Its vast plains present the double harvests, the luxuriant foliage, and even the burning deserts of the torrid zone; the lower heights are enriched by the fruits and grains of the temperate climates; the upper steeps are clothed with the vast pine forests of the north; while the highest pinnacles are buried beneath the perpetual snows of the Arctic zone. We do not in India, as in Africa and the Polar Regions, see nature under one uniform aspect; we have to trace her gradual, yet rapid transitions, between the most opposite extremes that can exist on the surface of the same planet.”

After this general description, we have a chapter on the knowledge of India amongst the ancients, followed by the Portuguese settlements and conquests, and their subsequent expulsion therefrom.—The fifth chapter relates to the early English voyages, with a slight sketch of our Eastern transactions, concluding with a general notice of *The Company’s Early Settlements.*

“Surat for a considerable time was the principal seat of British settlement in India, and annual investments to a large amount were sent to the factory in that city. Being exposed, however, to the arbitrary exactions of the Mogul and his officers, and also to the incessant incursions of the Marhattas, they felt it very desirable to obtain some place entirely their own, and which they could fortify against external aggression. An opportunity was offered in 1662, on occasion of the marriage of the Infanta Catherine to Charles II., when the island of Bombay was ceded as part of her dowry. Some misunderstanding arose as to the extent of this grant, the English conceiving it to include Salsette and other dependencies; while the Portuguese chose to view it as not extending beyond the bare precincts of the island,—in which last interpretation Britain was finally obliged to acquiesce. Thus the crown acquired for the first time a territorial possession in India; which, however, did

not yield revenue sufficient to defray its expenses. In 1668, therefore, the government made over the entire sovereignty to the company, who, in 1687, transferred thither from Surat the presidency over their other settlements; and Bombay has ever since continued the capital of their dominions in Western India.

“Meantime, the establishments on the eastern coast were gradually rising into their present importance. For some time, the Coromandel stations were considered secondary, shifted from place to place, and held subordinate to Bantam. In the voyage of Hippon we have traced the first foundation of the important settlements of Masulipatan and Pulicate; but the latter was soon relinquished, in consequence of Dutch rivalry. To escape the hostility of that people, and the oppressions of the native government, the English, in 1625, procured a spot of ground at Armegum, a little south of Nellore, where they stationed a factory. This place, however, as an emporium of the fine cotton manufactures, which gave value to the trade on that coast, was not found equal to Masulipatan; and accordingly the factory there was soon revived. Valuable privileges in its favour were obtained from the King of Golconda; while the Mogul emperor sanctioned an establishment at Piple, in Orissa. It being still considered important to have a place of strength for the security of the company’s trade, permission was obtained, in 1640, from a native chief, to erect a fort at Madraspatan. The directors, actuated by a spirit of economy which has not always ruled their counsels, objected to this erection, and limited very strictly the sums to be expended on it. However, they called it Fort St. George, and made it afterwards the capital of their settlements on the coast of Coromandel.

“The establishment in Bengal, which has since risen to such unrivalled prosperity, was formed somewhat later than any of the others. An English medical gentleman of the name of Boughton, resident at Surat, having visited Agra in 1651, was fortunate enough to remove a dangerous illness which had affected the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan. The gratitude felt by the monarch was employed by Boughton, with a laudable patriotism, in obtaining for his countrymen very ample commercial privileges. From Agra he proceeded to the court of the Nabob of Bengal, where his skill, exerted with equal success, was rewarded by a grant to the English of very extensive local advantages and immunities. The merchants of Surat, on payment of 3000 rupees, obtained full freedom of trade,

exempt from customs; and, in 1656, they erected a factory at Hoogley, situated on that branch of the river which has always been considered the principal channel for the trade of the Ganges. From this time ships and investments were sent to Bengal every year. Several other factories were formed there; but its commerce was still considered secondary to that of Coromandel, and made subject to the presidency of Fort St. George.

"It was in Bengal, however, that the English first attempted to establish political and military power. The factors of the company transmitted a detail of various wrongs sustained from the native rulers, and suggested the expediency of seeking redress by force of arms. The directors sent out, in 1686, Captain Nicholson, with ten armed vessels, and six companies of soldiers, destined to a service of no less magnitude than that of levying war against the Great Mogul and the Nabob of Bengal. The plan of the campaign was in the first instance to seize and fortify Chittagong, a point rather remote from the scene of commercial activity, but which they meant to make the centre of their military movements. Hence they were not fortunate in the execution of this grand scheme. The different parts of the armament arrived separately, and acted with little concert. The fleet sailed up to Hoogley, and commenced a cannonade, but was completely repulsed, and obliged to seek shelter in a port which occupied the present site of Calcutta. Factories, that had been formed at Patna and Cossimbuzar, were taken and plundered. The nabob, after a deceitful truce, assembled his whole army to attack the discomfited English, who at that crisis, however, under the command of the company's agent, made a brilliant display of valour. They not only beat off completely the Mogul forces, but entered the harbour of Balasore, and burned forty sail of Indian ships. An accommodation was then agreed to, by which they were allowed to re-establish their factory at Hoogley; and affairs were on the point of being replaced on their former footing, when two British ships of war, under an officer of the name of Heath, entered the river. That commander immediately broke up the treaty, and commenced warlike operations, which he conducted very unfortunately; and the invaders were finally obliged to evacuate Bengal. Aurengzebe, at that time seated on the Mogul throne, was so exasperated at these proceedings, and other violent steps taken by Sir John Child, Governor of Bombay, that he ordered a general attack on the company's factories. Those at Surat, Masulipatan, and Vizigapatan, were reduced, the last not without some bloodshed; and Bombay was very closely pressed. Our countrymen were compelled to have recourse to the most humble submission; when that politic sovereign, weighing the benefit which his people derived from foreign commerce, gradually relaxed, and allowed the traffic to resume its usual channels.

"From this time, however, the company began openly to aspire to permanent civil

authority in the east. In 1689, as Mr. Mill observes, 'it was laid down as a determinate object of policy, that independence was to be established in India, and dominions acquired.' At that date they wrote to their agents,—'The increase of our revenue is the subject of our care, as much as our trade.' Henceforth, then, the English may be considered as having commenced their system of political ascendancy in that part of Asia."

We then go back to a history of the early Mohammedan power in India, and the various Patan and Mogul dynasties, carrying us on through one chain of events to the time of the British conquests, the French settlements, our war with these, and their defeat under the unfortunate Lally. Having thus given a general sketch of the plan of their first volume of this useful little work, it only remains to extract a couple more of highly interesting specimens of the style in which it is written:—

Mohammedan Patronage of Letters.

"Mahmoud, as soon as the rays of wealth and prosperity began to illumine his throne, stood forth as the distinguished patron of letters and poetry; and Ghizni, under him, became the most literary and classical city of the east. It shone indeed at first by a borrowed light from Bagdad, which, even amid the complete overthrow of its political greatness, still retained an intellectual empire over all the nations speaking Arabic and studying the Koran. Yet the splendour of Mahmoud's court, and the great events of his reign, called forth poetical talents more brilliant than had adorned even the celebrated courts of Haroun and Almamon. Ferdusi, who, in the Shah Nameh, celebrated the exploits of his patron, ranks as the second poetical name in Asia. The materials for the literary history of Ghizni are indeed exceedingly scanty; yet enough transpires to warrant the suspicion, that this great poet, though attracted by the pomp and patronage of a court, shared the evils from which these appear inseparable, and only passed a life of splendid misery. It is related, that having completed his great poem, he sought the due reward, which he estimated at 60,000 *dinars*: but the king, taking advantage of a verbal resemblance, paid only the same number of *dirhems*, not exceeding a tenth of the sum demanded. This was a miserable pun upon which to deprive the greatest genius of the age of the hard-earned fruits of his labour. The indignant poet quitted the court where he had been so unworthily treated, and, retiring to a distance, sent forth various satirical effusions against his former patron, of which D'Herbelot gives the following specimen:—"The magnificent court of Ghizni is a sea, but a sea without bottom and without shore; I have fished in it long, but have not found any pearl." Mahmoud, it is said, was mortified, and endeavoured by high offers to induce him to return, but could never prevail with the offended bard.

"The presiding star in the literary circles of Ghizni was Oonsuri, equally celebrated as a philosopher and a poet. Mah-

moud placed him at the head of the university which he had founded, and gave him such a complete jurisdiction over a circle of four hundred learned men, that no work was to be submitted to the sovereign, which had not been stamped with Oonsuri's approbation. We have not as yet in the west the means of duly estimating the actual merit of this personage; but on considering that with posterity his name stands in such deep eclipse behind that of Ferdusi, above whom he was so highly honoured in life, a doubt must arise, whether his reputation was not partly earned by the arts of a courtier, and the absence of the troublesome pride of elevated genius. One channel to favour seems to have consisted in the permission which was allowed him to share the convivial hours of the sovereign. The orientals relate an occasion when, to soothe his master's grief for having, the night before, when overcome with wine, cut off the long tresses of his beloved, Oonsuri composed some extemporary verses, which conveyed such delight, that in return his mouth was opened, and three times filled with jewels.

"Among the strictly scientific residents at Ghizni, the most eminent was Abu Rihan, sent by Almamon from Bagdad, where he was venerated almost as the rival of Avicenna. But besides metaphysics and dialectics, he studied and appears to have drawn his chief lustre from attainments in the magical art. Of this, D'Herbelot relates a remarkable instance. One day, Mahmoud sent for him and ordered him to deposite with a third person a statement of the precise manner and place in which the monarch would quit the hall where he then sat. The paper being lodged, the king, instead of going out by one of the numerous doors, caused a breach to be made in the wall, by which he effected his exit;—but how was he humbled and amazed, when, on the paper being examined, there was found a specification of the precise spot through which he penetrated. Hereupon the prince with horror denounced this learned man as a sorcerer, and commanded him to be instantly thrown out of the window. The barbarous sentence was presently executed; but care had been taken to prepare beneath a soft and silken cushion, into which the body of the sage sunk without sustaining any injury. Abu Rihan was then called before the monarch, and required to say, whether by his boasted art he had been able to foresee these events, and the treatment through which he had that day passed? The learned man immediately desired his tablets to be sent for, in which were found regularly predicted the whole of the above singular transactions. This incident does not, it must be owned, inspire a very lofty idea, either of the wisdom or the wit of the imperial court of the Ghiznevide."

Lally's unfortunate Career, after his first Successes over the English.

"Lally returned to Pondicherry in the highest exultation, and determined to lose no time in following up his design of extir-

pating the English from India. With this view he took a step which involved him in deep reproach. Bussy, amid the violent revolutions at the court of the Deccan, and the most deadly jealousy among its leading men, had succeeded in completely maintaining the French influence. He had acquired the full command of the Circars, where he reduced Vizagapatam, an important English factory. Now, however, he was ordered by Lally to quit this court, that he might be able to unite all his forces, first in reducing Madras, and then in attacking the newly-formed settlements of the enemy in Bengal. Bussy remonstrated strongly against renouncing his brilliant prospects for uncertain advantages; but the other, imperious and self-willed, would listen to nothing, and insisted upon implicit compliance with his own views.

"Notwithstanding the reinforcement obtained by so great a sacrifice, Lally, from the want of funds, was scarcely in a condition to attempt any enterprise of importance. In hopes of relieving this distress, he resolved upon an expedition against the Rajah of Tanjore, to extort the fulfilment of an old engagement to pay five millions of rupees. This enterprise, however, was conducted in a manner rash and revolting to the natives; and even after penetrating to the town, and commencing the siege, he was obliged, by the scarcity of provisions and ammunition, to withdraw. He soon obtained possession of Arcot and certain other places in the Carnatic, from whence he drew some supplies. Being then joined by Bussy, he deemed it expedient to commence the siege of Madras; and he carried it on upwards of two months, though under great difficulties. The garrison, however, consisting of 1758 Europeans and 2420 natives, commanded by Governor Pigot and the veteran Laurence, made the most gallant defence. The siege was terminated by the appearance, on the 16th February, of a squadron of six English vessels, containing six hundred fresh troops. As soon as this fleet hove in sight, the French army, without waiting their commander's orders, began to retreat with the utmost precipitation, and the general had not time to execute his cruel purpose of burning the Black Town.

"It is admitted by Lally himself, that, owing to their deep hatred of him, his return in this discomfited state to Pondicherry was viewed as a subject of triumph by the principal officers, and even by the greater part of the inhabitants. Every thing now presented to his eyes a disastrous aspect. The English took the field, and began to reconquer the Carnatic. The French general, in attempting to check their career, was defeated at Wandewash, and obliged to retreat upon Pondicherry. It was evident that the French dominion in India was fast approaching to a close. Lally has acknowledged, that if, after the battle of Wandewash, the English had marched direct upon Pondicherry, they might have become masters of it in a few days. But they spent the next three months in reducing the different strong places in the Carnatic, including Ca-

rical, the only other seaport which remained to their adversary. Having obtained repeated reinforcements, which the other party looked for in vain, they were enabled to close in around Pondicherry, and make preparations for its actual siege. Lally, in this desperate state of his affairs, obtained by high promises an auxiliary force from Hyder, now master of Mysore; but his troops, after remaining about a month, became discouraged by the manifest weakness of their allies; and, being impelled by urgent matters at home, they broke up without giving notice, and departed for their own country.

"Lally made a spirited attempt to retrieve his affairs by a midnight attack on the enemy's camp, and succeeded in carrying several posts of some importance; but the gallantry of the British, and the tardy arrival of one of his divisions, caused his final repulse. By the end of September, 1760, Pondicherry was so closely blockaded both by sea and land, that only a very scanty supply of provisions could be introduced. Two out of three large ships that were lying in port were surprised in the night and carried off. On the 27th November, the commander, who had long urged the necessity of the measure, insisted on carrying into effect the expulsion of the black inhabitants. To the number of 1400 they were thrust out of the gates, but were refused a passage by the English, who foresaw that the garrison would thus hold out for a somewhat longer period. The unhappy creatures wandered about the glacis, picking up plants and roots of grass, and imploring either an entrance into the city or a passage through the army. Both parties stood firm for a week, at the end of which time Colonel Coote's humanity induced him to allow this wretched band to pass into the country. They were in the most exhausted state, and had no where to look for refuge; yet they were extremely grateful even for this chance of preservation.

"It was not till the 12th January, 1761, that the trenches were regularly opened,—an operation which was effected with ease and rapidity, as the enemy scarcely offered any resistance. Their spirit seems to have been completely gone, and they had provisions left for only two days. On the 14th two deputations arrived,—one from Lally, the other from the governor and council. The former merely stated, that certain alleged violations by the English of the faith of treaties prevented him from entering into any regular capitulation, but that, pressed by the necessity of circumstances, he yielded the place, and surrendered himself and his garrison prisoners of war. The governor and council asked some terms for the inhabitants; but, as matters stood, every thing rested with the discretion of the English, who, however, promised to act in general with consideration and humanity. Colonel Coote entered the city, and, in three days after, Lally set sail for Europe.

"On his arrival in France, a tragical scene ensued. The nation were by this time worked up to a high degree of discontent by the severe disasters, which, during

this war, when the British resources were directed by the genius of Pitt, had befallen their arms in every quarter of the globe. The loss of India raised their indignation to the highest pitch; and they loudly demanded a victim. Lally, with his usual violence, presented a formal accusation against Bussy and three others connected with him in the administration, as having, out of enmity to himself, ruined the French affairs. The impeachment appears to have been ill-founded, and the parties accused retaliated by charging him with having caused that unfortunate issue by a series of acts, which, as they alleged, inferred more than incapacity. The voice of individuals returning from India, who had been alienated by his hasty temper, was generally hostile to him. On their testimony, the attorney-general thought himself justified in founding a charge of high treason; which appears to have been altogether groundless. Many of Lally's proceedings, it is true, were rash and imprudent, and his outrageous manner, provoking the enmity both of the French and natives was very injurious to the interests of the company and the government. But to constitute high treason there must have been an intention to betray these interests; instead of which his faults appear to have rather proceeded from a blind and headlong zeal. Being arraigned of this high crime, he was removed from the Bastille to an humbler prison, and, according to the ungenerous practice of France, was denied the aid of counsel. The parliament of Paris, a too numerous though highly respectable body, were so far wrought upon as to pronounce sentence of death; against which Seguier and Pellot, two of their most distinguished members, protested; and Voltaire hesitates not to call it a judicial murder. The unfortunate Lally, when it was announced to him, lifted his hands to heaven, exclaiming—'Is this the reward of forty-five years' service?' and endeavoured to stab himself with a pair of compasses. He was prevented, and conveyed next day in a common cart to the Place de Grève, where he underwent the unjust sentence of the law."

This volume is enriched with a large and correct map, and several wood engravings of sports and views.

A RHAPSODY.

Contarini Fleming; a Psychological Autobiography. 4 vols. Murray.

MR. D'ISRAELI, jun. has the genius of a most extravagant coxcomb, and it augurs ill of the taste of the day, that the talent and wit he unquestionably possesses should be put forth in such an absurd rhapsody as that in the four volumes before us. Contarini Fleming is a Swede by birth, but by parentage claiming a German baron for his father, and a Venetian lady for his mother. To say further what he is would be difficult, for he seems to be every thing and every where at once. He is a madman upon stilts, with a comet's tail for his pen, the revolving spheres for his tablets, and the moon for his hobby-horse; imbued

with the passions of a devil, and the exalted imaginings of one of higher origin; with quick perceptions, and quicker movements, he passes before us with the velocity of a sun beam, and in all the variety of a harlequinade.

In fact, he is a wonderful mixture of deformity and elegance, insanity and cleverness, maliciousness and amiability. He is desperately in love at seven years of age, with a beautiful young girl of fifteen, whom he sees for the first time, and read how madly he describes their first mutual impulse:—

"I gazed upon her unperceived. She must have been at least eight years my senior. This idea crossed me not then. I gazed upon her unperceived, and it was fortunate, for I was entranced. I could not move or speak. My whole system changed. My breath left me. I panted with great difficulty. The colour fled from my cheek, and I was sick from the blood rushing to my heart. I was seen, I was seized, I was pulled forward. I bent down my head. They lifted it up, drawing back my curls; they lifted it up covered with blushes. She leant down, she kissed me—Oh! how unlike the dull kisses of the morning. But I could not return her embrace; I nearly swooned upon her bosom."

As a contrast we will take a less amiable incident, where he most savagely maltreats one of his step-mother's children, for taunting him with his reported stupidity of intellect:—

"I felt that the urchin spoke truth, but I cut him to the ground. He ran howling and yelping to his dam. I was surrounded by the indignant mother and the domestic police. I listened to their agitated accusations and palpitating threats of punishment, with sullen indifference. I offered no defence. I courted their vengeance. It came in the shape of imprisonment. I was conducted to my room, and my door was locked on the outside. I answered the malignant sound by bolting it in the interior. I remained there two days deaf to all their intreaties, without sustenance, feeding only upon my vengeance. Each fresh visit was an additional triumph. I never answered: I never moved. Demands of apology were exchanged for promises of pardon: promises of pardon were in turn succeeded by offers of reward. I gave no sign. I heard them stealing on tiptoe to the portal, full of horrible alarm, and even doubtful of my life. I scarcely would breathe. At length the door was burst open, and in rushed the half-fainting baroness, and a posse of servants, with the children clinging to their nurses' gowns. Planted in the most distant corner, I received them with a grim smile. I was invited away. I refused to move. A man servant advanced and touched me. I stamped, I gnashed my teeth, I gave a savage growl, that made him recoil with dread, &c."

At another time we have him falling in love with a Magdalen! Can any thing be more ludicrously absurd than the heroics in which he indulges? We should recommend the word "horse" being substituted by the

name of a certain other long-ear'd quadruped:—

"Ha, ha!" I cried like a wild horse. I snorted in the air, my eye sparkled, my crest rose. I waved my proud arm. 'Ha, ha! have I found it out at last! I knew there was something. Nature whispered it to me, and time has revealed it. He said truly, time has developed every thing. But shall these feelings subside into poetry? Away! give me a sword,—give me a sword! My consular blood demands a sword! Give me a sword, ye winds, ye trees, ye mighty hills, ye deep cold waters, give me a sword. I will fight! By heavens, I will fight! I will conquer. Why am I not a doge? A curse upon the tyranny of man, why is she not free? Why am I not a doge? By the God of Heaven, I will be a doge? Oh! thou fair and melancholy saint,' I continued, falling on my knees, 'who in thy infinite goodness condescended, as it were, to come down from heaven to call me back to the true and holy faith of Venice, and to take me under thy especial protection, blessed and beautiful Mary Magdalen, look down from thy glorious seat above, and smile upon thy elected and favourite child.'"

But enough of these mad impertinences; we will pass over the history of our author's literary troubles, his poetizing, and satirizing, and the inhuman criticism which half killed him in his literary budding,—we shall not mention how he ran away from school, a very ordinary beginning for an extraordinary genius,—how he turned amateur brigand, infesting an old castle in a sombre forest, at sixteen,—how he became a secretary of state and minister before he was nineteen,—how he takes a wife and deserts her before he is twenty-one, sending her to the grave, which drives him to madness,—how, in short, he travels all the world over, north, south, east, and west, till the end of the chapter, when he comes into his paternal estate, and gives promise of a little dawning sobriety. Our few remaining extracts are taken from passages of a more intellectual and descriptive kind, which are often striking and original.

Swiss Scenery,—"It was in Switzerland that I first felt how constantly to contemplate sublime creation develops the poetic power. It was here that I first began to study nature. Those forests of black gigantic pines rising out of the deep snows; those tall white cataracts leaping like headstrong youth into the world, and dashing from their precipices, as if allured by the beautiful delusion of their own rainbow mist; those mighty clouds sailing beneath my feet, or clinging to the bosoms of the dark green mountains, or boiling up like a spell from the invisible and unfathomable depths; the fell avalanche, fleet as a spirit of evil, terrific when its sound suddenly breaks upon the almighty silence, scarcely less terrible when we gaze upon its crumbling and pallid frame, varied only by the presence of one or two blasted firs; the head of a mountain loosening from its brother peak, rooting up, in the roar of its rapid rush, a whole forest of pines, and covering the earth for miles with elephantine masses;

the supernatural extent of landscape that opens to us new worlds; the strong eagles, and the strange wild birds that suddenly cross you in your path, and stare, and shrieking fly—and all the soft sights of joy and loveliness that mingle with these sublime and savage spectacles, the rich pastures, and the numerous flocks, and the golden bees, and the wild flowers, and the carved and painted cottages, and the simple manners and the primeval grace—wherever I moved, I was in turn appalled or enchanted; but whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up in my mind, and new feelings ever crowded on my fancy."

The Ennobling Pride of Learning.—"It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our own energies. The struggle after knowledge too is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea, that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction, than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered, or worked out, by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another."

Advantages of Female Conversation.—"Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency—because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They too will rally you on many points, and, as they are women, you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and of so much use, to a young man entering life, as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits which we pick up in boyhood without this supervision. Unfortunately you have no sisters. But never be offended if a woman rally you. Encourage her. Otherwise you will never be free from your awkwardness, or any little oddities, and certainly never learn to dress."

The work is full of such admirable remarks, on morals, taste, poetry, fine arts, history, &c. which come upon us as a delightful relief to the usual absurdity of the hero's adventures.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, &c. &c. By W. G. Ouseley, Esq. Rodwell.

THIS is a clever treatise, by one, who, in the capacity of attaché to his majesty's legation at Washington, has had good opportunities of observation and research. Besides the valuable documentary facts which recom-

mend this work to notice, there is a liberal and intelligent tone observable, when considerations of national manners and government are advanced; which is but too rarely met with in American travellers. The author justly discriminates between the advantages of the republican principles to the peculiar habits, physical and moral, of the Americans, a new and forming people, and their applicability to a nation, which, like England, is old in its habits, wedded to its peculiar forms and notions, whether good or bad, and whose whole strength indeed, is bound up by age in certain counteracting principles of action, without whose wholesome restraints, whether in part or entirely, the body popular must fall to pieces, or unduly preponderate in some new direction or other. "Those impressions of the practical inapplicability of the institutions of the United States to European nations, have not been removed by a residence in that country; at least, the total unfitness of a republican government for adoption in England, still appears to me uncontrovertible," says Mr. Ouseley, as indeed would any man of common sense and observation. Republicanism in England! Why the thing is impossible, till Englishmen all shall have been buried in a magical oblivion for half-a-hundred years;—till English learning, English manners, English books, English houses, nay, the disposal of English land itself shall be subverted. An Englishman does not know what he means when he talks of republicanism; for, from the highest to the lowest, from the prince to the dustman,—whether whig, tory, or radical, we are all aristocratical in our way.

It is this total misconception of the very meaning of the word republic, and perfect ignorance of its working spirit, that has caused some of our most determined liberals so much perplexity, upon a first glimpse of American liberality;—has sent so many Anglo-Timons back to British bondage, enamoured of their chains, and boasting of the very taxation which grinds them to the dust; rejoicing in the aristocratic independence which every man in his own little walk learns to assume; not altogether so savage in their abuse of the abuse of power, and condemnation of corruption and place-hunting, which affords a very legitimate stream of conversation to mingle with the after-dinner bottle; and bowing with grateful submission to those very petty tyrannies of society, against which they had before rebelled, which forbid the picking of teeth with two-pronged forks, restrain the undue velocity of voracious appetites, protect the drawing-room carpet from the assaults of the incontinent spitter, and the backs of chairs from the oppressive burthen of dirty boots and dusty trowsers. In fact, with nothing but the watchword of republicanism in their mouths, they have arrived in the land of liberty, and find it a very Babel, abounding in incivilities and petty cruelties, with which every man there claims the right of making himself disagreeable to his neighbour;—he sets out with the genius of freedom glowing in his heart, he is chilled on his first arrival, by the coldness he meets

with, and returns home again to write unfair and silly books about a system, which he confesses he had not the patience to experience. These are our American travellers, whom Mr. Ouseley pretty considerably lays open before us. On this point he says, "unfortunately, those who have published descriptions of America, have not generally remained there long enough to be enabled to use their judgment, uninfluenced by prepossessions against or in favour of the theory or practice of the American system; they, consequently, apply a scale of their own, adapted to a country widely different in circumstances, manners, and institutions, in forming opinions of the government and people of the United States." Again, he proceeds, "we are prone unconsciously to apply the arguments that would be good in England, to a country extremely dissimilar; and thus contemplating, with views and ideas suited to a very different state of things, particular measures or modes of government, it is not surprising that our judgments and predictions of their consequences should be erroneous. Americans say that we look at their republican institutions through our 'monarchical spectacles;' and that it requires some apprenticeship to so different a state of things, to see them in their true light. Let us look at the converse of this proposition. When an American arrives in England for the first time, he is apt to jump at conclusions equally unfounded respecting our country. I know what were the impressions of some individuals from the United States; and men of sagacity and experience, on first witnessing the practical workings of our constitutional monarchy, and the results of our social system. And if most Americans were honestly to confess their real opinions, (formed after only a short duration in England,) at any period during the last thirty years, I am convinced that there are few who would not avow a conviction of their astonishment, at the possibility of our government having continued to work with any success for five years together!"

With respect to emigration, Mr. Ouseley talks in much the same strain as the best-informed men that have recently treated of that subject;—leaving the expediency thereof entirely to depend upon the personal abilities, wants, and expectations of the emigrant himself;—to whom the next great consideration is—that he keep his health. He considers that "the physical and positive advantages are more encouraging to the settler in Upper Canada, &c. than the United States; independently of the reluctance that every right-minded Englishman must feel to abandon the colours of his country;" and recommends the British government to facilitate the means of emigration, both for the extension of our political rights, and the real welfare of the people themselves.

We will now conclude our notice of this intelligent work with the following statistic details:—

The Gold Mines of the United States have been worked within the last eighteen or twenty years; and the report of the Director of the Mint, for Jan. 1, 1831, gives

an account of the gold received from different states, &c. during 1830, as well as the amount of coinage, viz.:—

| | Dollars. |
|--------------------|-----------|
| Gold coins | 643,105 |
| Silver ditto | 2,495,400 |
| Copper | 17,115 |
| Total.... | 3,155,620 |

The description of coins was as follows:—

| | | Dollars. |
|--------------------|-----------|----------------|
| Half-eagles | 126,351 | making 631,755 |
| Quarter-eagles .. | 4,540 | 11,350 |
| Half-dollars | 4,764,800 | 2,382,400 |
| Dimes .. | 510,000 | 51,000 |
| Half-dimes..... | 1,240,000 | 62,000 |
| Cents | 1,711,500 | 17,115 |

Total No. of pieces 8,357,191 Total 3,155,620

Of the gold coined in 1830, there was imported from—

| | Dollars. |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| Mexico | about 125,000 |
| South America } | |
| West Indies .. } | |
| Africa | 19,000 |
| United States..... | 466,000 |
| Sources not ascertained | 33,000 |
| Total.... | 643,000 |

Of the gold found in the United States, amounting in value to about 100,000l. sterling, mentioned the foregoing statement, there came from—

| | Dollars. |
|---------------------|----------|
| Georgia, about ... | 212,000 |
| North Carolina..... | 204,000 |
| South Carolina..... | 26,000 |
| Virginia | 24,000 |

Total produce in the United States.. 466,000

Newspaper Postage.—"For each newspaper not carried out of the state in which it is published, or if carried out of the state, but not carried over 100 miles, 1 cent; over 100 miles, and out of the state in which it was published, 1½ cent.

Magazines and Pamphlets.

| | Cents. |
|---|--------|
| If published periodically, distance not exceeding .. 100 miles, 1½ per sheet. | |
| If published periodically, distance over..... 100 .. | 2½ .. |
| If not published periodically, distance not exceeding .. 100 .. | 4 .. |
| If not published periodically, distance over..... 100 .. | 6 .. |

Every printed pamphlet or magazine which contains more than twenty-four pages, on a royal sheet, or any sheet of less dimensions, shall be charged by the sheet; and small pamphlets, printed on "a half or quarter sheet, of royal or less size, shall be charged with half the amount of postage charged on a full sheet."

Newspapers in New York.—"Number of newspapers published in this state, according to 'Williams's New York Annual Register,' in 1831, was 237; 54 in city of New York, and 185 in other parts of the state; 16 daily, and 48 avowedly anti-masonic *.

Number of Sheets issued from the Fifty-four Presses in the City of New York.

| | |
|---|------------|
| Eleven daily papers, (average 1456 each in one day) | 4,944,000 |
| Ten semi-weekly ditto, (average 1880 each in one day) .. | 1,955,200 |
| Twenty-six weekly ditto | 2,600,000 |
| Six semi-monthly and one monthly | 36,800 |
| Total number of sheets printed annually | 9,536,000 |
| Estimated number (185 papers) in other parts of the state | 5,000,000 |
| Total.... | 14,536,000 |

* This has now become a party watchword, but originated in a just feeling of detestation at the murderous outrage committed by some freemasons a few years ago.

Copyright.—“Copyright is secured in the United States, by depositing and recording the title of any work, map, chart, &c. at the office of the clerk of the district; and can be renewed by the author, his executors or assigns, at the end of that term, for a further period of fourteen years. Vide *Act for the Encouragement of Learning*. *J. Story's Statutes of the United States*. ”

“*Number of Bishops in the United States, and their Residences or Dioceses.*”

Sixteen Protestant Bishops, viz.

| Dioceses. | Dioceses. |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| Eastern Diocese, or N. England. | Virginia. |
| Connecticut. | South Carolina. |
| New York. | Georgia. |
| New Jersey. | Louisiana. |
| Pennsylvania. | Mississippi. |
| Delaware. | Tennessee. |
| Maryland. | Kentucky. |
| North Carolina. | Ohio. |

Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.... 4

Roman Catholic Bishops.

| Residence. | Residence. |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Baltimore.... Archbishop. | Mobile..... Bishop. |
| Boston..... Bishop. | New Orleans Ditto. |
| New York .. Ditto. | Bardstown.. Ditto. |
| Philadelphia Ditto. | Ditto..... Coadjutor. |
| Ditto..... Coadjutor. | Cincinnati.. Bishop. |
| Charleston .. Bishop. | St. Louis .. Ditto. |

One Archbishop, nine Bishops, and two Coadjutors.”

RANDOM READINGS, &c.

(THIS department extends to unusual dimensions in our present sheet, and the reader will, we hope, be neither surprised nor displeased at it, when he learns that we have completely outstripped the publishers and authors in our active catering for our numerous friends' entertainment, and that not a single work of general interest, except those above reviewed, has been published for at least ten days past. Under these circumstances we are fain to return to some of the most interesting books we have lately had occasion to notice, together with some others we have not before mentioned, and, without interruption or remark, make the following selection of amusing extracts.)

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.
VOLS. V. AND VI. (*Just Published.*)

Memoir of Cimarosa, the Composer.

THIS great master of harmony was born at Naples (Capo-di-Monte,) and educated at the conservatory of Loretta, where he followed the school of the incomparable Durante. On leaving the conservatory, he, like all other young composers, had to seek a patron, which he had the good fortune to find in Madame Ballante, whose immense wealth enabled her to afford liberal encouragement to the fine arts. She supported with her patronage the genius of the young musician, and she soon had the satisfaction to perceive that his growing celebrity conferred a considerable degree of honour upon herself. Madame Ballante had a daughter, who heard not with indifference the beautiful voice of Cimarosa giving utterance to his still more beautiful music. She soon loved him deeply; and Madame Ballante, with the feelings of a mother who had alone in view the happiness of her child, consented to their union. Its joys were, however, of short duration; for after a few fleeting months of bliss, the young and tender wife was cut off in the midst of her happiness, and Cimarosa left the widowed father of a son. His grief was overwhelming; but he at length yielded to the entreaties of Madame Ballante to marry again. This lady had adopted and brought up an orphan

girl as her child. She took her to Cimarosa: “This, my friend,” she said, “is my second daughter.” Alas! happiness seemed not destined for a man so peculiarly qualified to enjoy it as Cimarosa. His second wife died very young, leaving him a son and a daughter.

Cimarosa had a fine mind; his feelings were those of a being superior to the best of ordinary men. He had great powers of intellect, and an abundant store of general knowledge, independent of the fine spirituality of his transcendent genius. He sang better than the most celebrated *artistes*; and his manner of accompanying was beautiful beyond description. My brother, who was a passionate admirer of Cimarosa's compositions, as all must be who can *feel* music, told me that he once had a musical battle with this celebrated composer, which lasted a whole morning. It was who should first tire the other. Cimarosa was at the piano, and my brother at the harp. The former would give out a subject, and Albert would make variations upon it on his harp. Cimarosa would then sing it in every key, and in every measure, as barcarola, canzonna, polacca, romanza, &c. “These were the most agreeable hours,” my brother has often said to me, “that I ever spent.” The facility of improvisation is an extraordinary and enchanting gift of nature, which Cimarosa possessed in rare perfection; and when, at a party, he sang extemporaneously a delightful song, to which he improvised words with marvellous facility, it was impossible to avoid bestowing upon him the epithet of *divine*, of which my personal admiration of him justifies the use in this work. He was a lively, pleasant companion, fond of laughter; and he possessed, in the highest degree, that quality so generally the concomitant of superior genius,—I mean, generosity. How many unfortunate emigrants were succoured by Cimarosa! At Paris, when the beautiful *finale* of the “*Matrimonio*,” “*Pria che spunti*,” or “*Quelle pupille tenere*,” elicited almost frantic applause, it is well known that the profit of these immortal productions was devoted to assuage the misfortunes of many of our unhappy countrymen. But we were then living under a government unable to appreciate the virtue of such a man. Instead of a civic crown, in the name of the admiring country, persecution, fetters, and torture were the rewards bestowed upon Parthenope's brightest glory, for having exercised the most noble philanthropy. It is well known that the persecutions which Cimarosa underwent were the cause of his premature death.

Madame Ballante, also a victim of the troubles which divided their beautiful country, lost all her fortune. A mind like Cimarosa's could only utter accents pure and lovely as his thoughts. He had the happiness to receive his benefactress at his own house. “You are mistress here,” said he; “for is not everything I possess yours? Are you not my mother,—nay, more than mother, my best and dearest benefactress?”

Cimarosa endeavoured to struggle against royal terrorism, but it was of no avail. Neapolitan terrorism was more exquisitely atro-

cious than any other, and its cruelty more permanently active; which is saying a great deal. The horrible crimes committed at Naples are generally unknown; but when the eye of historic research shall penetrate that page of iniquity—when it shall behold the murders, the judicial robberies, the religious persecutions—the mind of the honest historian will shrink back with horror. And when he afterwards learns that a woman—aye, a woman—commanded the execution of all these horrors, what will he then feel?

Cimarosa, scarcely fifty years of age, died on the 10th of January, 1801. His name and works will be immortal.

CAPTAIN MUNDY'S INDIAN SKETCHES.

A Tiger Hunt.

AFTER breakfast, a party of five started in gigs, and drove to the village, where we mounted our elephants, and entered the forest. We found immense quantities of game, wild hogs, hog-deer, spotted deer, and the *niel-ghie* (literally, blue cow.) I also saw here, for the first time, the jungle-fowl, or wild poultry, in appearance something between the game-cock and bantam. We, however, strictly abstained from firing, reserving our whole battery for the nobler game, the tiger. It was, perhaps, fortunate we did not find one in the thick part of the forest, as the trees were so close set, and so interwoven with thorns and parasite plants, that the elephants were often obliged to clear themselves a passage by their own pioneering exertions. It is curious, on these occasions, to see the enormous trees these animals will overthrow. On a word from the mahout, they place their foreheads against the obnoxious plant, twisting their trunks round it, and gradually bending it towards the ground until they can place a foot upon it—this done, down comes the tree with crashing stem and upturned roots. The elephant must be well educated to accomplish this duty in a *gentleman-like* manner, that is, without roaring sulkily, or shaking his master by too violent exertions.

On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprung the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded, the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and

crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankoos, (an iron goad to drive the elephant,) which I had refused to allow him to recover: and the elephant, being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable:—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace.

Libel on British Generosity.

The young Rajah gave a dinner in the evening to the commander-in-chief, and entertained us with nanches and mimics. This latter amusement, which appears to be the only approach to dramatic exhibition among the Indians, is, generally speaking, a tissue of noisy, vulgar ribaldry; but it is sometimes amusing, even to Europeans. I remember one occasion on which the Begum Sumroo entertained our party with a similar pantomime, when we were much diverted. It was just after the capture of Bhurtpore. The *dramatis personæ* of the scene enacted were an English prize-agent, and a poor peasant of Bhurtpore. The former wore an immense cocked-hat and sword; the latter was stark naked, with the exception of a most scanty dootee, or waist-cloth. The prize-agent stops him, and demands his jewels and money. The half-starved wretch protests his poverty, and appeals to his own miserable appearance as the proof. The Englishman, upon this, makes him a furious speech, well garnished with G—d d—ms, seizes on the trembling Bhurtporean, and, determined not to leave him without having extracted something from him, takes out a pair of scissors, cuts off his long shaggy hair close to his skull, crams it into his pocket, and exits swearing.

Travelling in India.

It would, perhaps, be worth while to record, as well as I can remember, the *matériel* and *personnel* of my camp equipment; an humble captain and single man, travelling on the most economical principles. One double-poled tent, one *routee* or small tent, a *pâl* or servant's tent, two elephants, six camels, four horses, a pony, a buggy, and

twenty-four servants, besides *mahouts*, *serwâns* or camel-drivers, and tent-pitchers.

Devotees.

On our return to camp, I found there a fine specimen of those holy mendicants called fakirs; although, by the bye, I apply the epithet of mendicant undeservedly to him (as I also do most probably the term holy,) as he would not take from me the money I offered. He was a pitiable object, although he had a handsome and—in spite of his downcast eyes—rather a roguish countenance. One arm was raised aloft, and, having been in that position for twelve years, the power of lowering it was lost; it was withered to one-fourth the size of its fellow, and the nails were nearly two inches long. He was about to undertake a further penance of standing on one leg for twelve more years; after which he had some thoughts of measuring his length to Cape Comorin! Poor misguided enthusiast!—“in hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.”

Quails as Fat as Butter.

In the cool of the afternoon, we strolled out for an hour in the gram-fields, and shot several brace of quails, which, at this season, are like little flying pats of butter! I have heard it averred, that these delicate *bonnes-bouches* are sometimes so fat in the grain-season, that when they are shot, they burst, from their own weight, as they fall on the parched ground.

Certificate of Character.

We were pestered by sellers of coins, who pretended to have dug them out of the ruins of Kanoge, but who had probably manufactured them for the occasion. One old fellow, to induce me to purchase, showed me some certificates of character which he had obtained from English travellers, but which, being written in English, he could not read himself. Almost the first which he put into my hand ran thus—“The bearer is a d—d old rascal; kick him out of camp.”

LIVRE DES CENT ET UN.

Recollections of the Conciergerie, during the French Revolution.

“The carriage stopt before the Palais de Justice. Here then was the Conciergerie. Near the vast staircase which leads up to the Palais de Justice, you discovered in a corner, on the right, sunk under ground, concealed by a double railing, crushed as it were by the building which rose above it, the subterranean vault of which I speak. The weight of the superincumbent building pressed on it, as society presses on the prisoner, be he innocent or guilty. Was it a prison, a sewer, or a cellar? No one could have said, so completely was its entrance, so small, so low, so narrow, so black, buried in the shadow projected from the surrounding buildings. At the gate stood a sentinel; in front a lamp was burning, which enlightened with a bloody glare this funereal avenue. Now all is changed; but in 1815 the oldest of French prisons resembled the *oubliettes* of feudal times. I entered, preceded and followed by a gendarme.

“My first thought was of death and of the tomb. Afterwards, however, (let me confess my sins of boyish pride,) this flagrant iniquity gave me courage, and I found that the men who could lower themselves so far as to tremble at my infancy, and to thrust me into their dungeons, elevated me to the precocious dignity of a man and a martyr. The consciousness of the pure and simple occupations in the midst of which the adjutant of police had surprised me, the consciousness of my innocence, the disgust with which this foolish and wanton barbarity inspired me; perhaps, the strange pleasure of tasting at so early a period of life its most poignant and bitter sensations, strangely supported me; I felt as if I could rise to the level of any suffering, any cruelty; I threw down the glove of defiance to the world. Alas, it has taken it up!

“I was registered. The word is degrading, terrible—like a chain which is placed upon you, a weight attached to you, a physical burden; by this compact of strength against weakness, you belong to the prison; you are the *thing*, the puppet, the furniture of the keeper. You descend from the condition of man to that of an insensible and brute being, classed, ticketed, like a faggot torn from the forest and laid up in its order to be burnt, in the storehouse of its proprietor.

“The lantern at the gate cast but a dim and feeble light upon surrounding objects. I caught a glimpse of the rags of a robber seated on the same bench with myself, also waiting his registration. A man in a brown dress laid hold of me by the hand. We climbed up stairs, we crossed galleries; the wind blew moist and cold through these dismal passages; my eyes, unaccustomed to this new world, discerned nothing but red stars as it were burning here and there; they were the lamps attached to the wall.

“‘I am sorry, young man,’ said my guide, ‘that such are our orders; but you are, *au secret*.’

“What does that mean?

“‘It is a cell which you are not allowed to leave, and where you are allowed to see no one.’

“We had descended several stories: a long passage with chinks admitting air and light spread before us; several wickets opened to allow us to pass, and fell again. The third door in the passage was that of my prison; a massive door of iron, covered with bolts, of which there is a great profusion in that quarter.

“‘There,’ said the gaoler, after raising his enormous bars of iron, and making the key grate three times in the lock. The cell was about eight feet long, five broad, and twelve high; involved in the thickest darkness; the wall on the one side dripping with lime water, on the other a wooden partition, the floor paved like a cellar; in the farther end, about ten feet above the floor, an opening of about three feet in height and one in breadth, through which a fragment of the sky might be discernable; within an iron barrier obstructing this mockery of a window, and without a screen of wood which prevented all prospect within. In one cor-

ner on the left, fronting the door, some bundles of straw littered the ground: beneath the window a pitcher: near the door another filled with water, and a wooden bowl. I trembled, partly with cold, partly with fear. This was the condemned cell, a prison in all its horrors,—and I, its victim, was not even suspected.

"The first time that the iron gates opened, clattered, shook, prolonged their echoes through the vaulted passages, a secret terror seized me; my isolated situation stared me in the face,—I was like a dead man, rising suddenly to see his tomb shut upon him. The next day they brought me a pitcher of milk; I could not contain my tears—it was so different from my cheerful breakfast at home. Sometimes I heard a heavy vehicle stop; the locks grate, the gates roll back, the bars fall; a bustle for a moment in the prison, then again repose—silence. These were fresh prisoners brought to the place of confinement,

"My dungeon was situated immediately beneath a court, on which the windows, or rather the orifices, intended for the admission of a little light and air to the *souricière*, looked out. The *souricière* is, I believe, a sort of provisional prison, where criminals are heaped together till their respective destinations can be more definitively arranged. The female division of the prison was close enough to my cell to allow me to hear, occasionally, portions of the conversation of its inmates. They consisted of love songs, howled out by hoarse voices, fearful blasphemies repeated by mild and youthful ones; obscene stories told by young girls; narratives of robbery and murder in slang terms; ballads, barcarolles, and vaudevilles, sung in chorus by these depraved females, mixed with parodies, jokes, imprecations, and shouts of laughter. The most melancholy part of the whole scene was its wild gaiety; all sorrow, all remorse, every thought of morality and of the future had deserted these beings, who had wallowed in the kennel of society till they had become filth themselves. Pardon these details; they are frivolous only to the frivolous. I was forcibly struck with this crowning instance of human depravity. I had never been initiated in crime. I knew crime only from history, through the dim veil of a distant perspective. A childhood passed in romance and mental activity had not prepared me for revelations such as these. When I heard one of these women singing the popular melody of Catruffò, 'Portrait Charmant,'—my heart seemed to break: the contrast was too great, the dissonance too hideous. Even now I cannot bear to listen to that air.

"One day there was a more than ordinary bustle in the prison; the bells sounded longer; the tramp of regular steps echoed through the passages; the clattering of bayonets terrified me. The chamber next to mine opened and shut several times. I heard from it the sound of weeping and lamentation. Jacques, when he visited me, was dressed in his suit of uniform. The sobs from the adjoining cell grew louder—the women of the *souricière* sang on as

usual. I learned from the keeper that the cell was occupied by one who had been condemned to death; that the day of execution was come, the hour about to strike; that the sobs I heard were those which accompanied the rude confession of the criminal—that the priest was with him; that the prisoner on his knees, half drunk, half despairing, was in the act of receiving absolution,—that in ten minutes he would be numbered with the dead. Suddenly all the bells began; the noise of wheels on the pavement shook the building; murmurs of distant voices accompanied the death procession, and the tumult was succeeded by the stillness of the prison.

"Confinement triumphed, as might be expected, over a frame which had seen only sixteen summers. Those scenes of terror produced an irradical impression on my mind. The privation of air and exercise, the vexation at not seeing those I loved, the damp atmosphere in which I lived, made me ill. A month passed away—the physician applied for leave that I might walk in the court. I was conducted by Jacques to an oblong court, ten or twelve feet below the level of the surrounding streets, surrounded by lofty edifices, and all bordered with iron spikes. Naked and dirty feet were moving over the sand; rough and savage voices asked who I could be; men with arms covered with hair surrounded me; others in their shirts, with no other article of clothing but pantaloons of grey sail-cloth, were stretched upon the ground amusing themselves at play; others were working at those little articles in straw, the delicacy of which is so surprising. I recognised there, vice as I had seen it in the Police, but still more hideous. There it had preserved a semi-social garb and language, some of the habits of civilization; but here it was delineated in all its beauty, in all its vigour. Its only dialect was slang; self-contempt, and contempt for everything else was painted on every feature. A wild cupidity sparkled in the eyes of the gamblers. By the side of society, attired in its decent garb, and subjected to restraint, here was one composed of savages, who, from that very civilization have borrowed their artifices, their resources, to turn them against civilization itself. I was more terrified at their figures, their questions, their looks, their unintelligible jargon, than I should have been by the scaffold itself.

"I was only twice taken into this court; my third promenade was in another much smaller, of an oblong form, and, from the extreme height of the buildings above it, not unlike the bottom of a well. In the cells, the air-holes of which opened in this little court, were several prisoners accused of political offences; among others a lieutenant of cavalry, always gay, lively, with an iron constitution, and who, even behind his iron barriers, used constantly to amuse me with pleasant stories.

"As my health got better, I was recommended to my darkness. I had breathed the fresh air three times in eight days—that was enough. My imprisonment continued for two months."

CALABRIA—BY A FRENCH GENERAL OFFICER.

Sybaris, Corigliano, and Cassano.

Sybaris, so renowned in history for its voluptuous delights and its misfortunes, was the most ancient as well as the most flourishing of those colonies which the Greeks had founded on the coasts of Italy. The mildness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and its position between two very considerably rivers, the Chratis and the Sybaris, (now called the Cocillo,) served to render it one of the most opulent cities of antiquity. Its numerous population, united to that of the other colonies which it had founded in the neighbourhood, enabled it to keep up an armed force of three hundred thousand men. Enriched by agriculture, by the arts, and by commerce, it held for a long time a predominant influence over all the coasts of *Magna Græcia*. The medals, statues, and ancient vases which have survived its ruin, prove that the arts were carried here to the highest pitch of perfection. The effeminate mode of living of the Sybarites became proverbial, and we find some instances stated of their habits which are scarcely credible. Abandoned to all sorts of voluptuousness, sacrificing every thing to momentary gratification, their sole employment consisted in sensual indulgence. But luxury and effeminacy, the inseparable attendants on extreme wealth, while corrupting their morals, at the same time hastened their utter destruction. History, in pointing out the epoch of the ruin of this republic, does not record the motives which caused its enemies to effect it. Five hundred and sixty-eight years before the Christian æra, the Crotonians marched against the Sybarites, commanded by the famous athlete Milo, armed and arrayed as Hercules, and crowned with the prize which he had borne off at the Olympic Games. The Sybarites sent three hundred thousand men into the field, and the two armies came into action on the confines of their respective territories, which were separated by the *Hilias*, now called Trionto, a torrent flowing between Rossano and Cariati. The Crotonians gained a signal victory, exterminating the greater part of their enemies, and razing Sybaris to the foundation. The dykes which confined the two rivers having been broken down, the impetuous rush of their combined waters soon destroyed all the buildings that came in the way. The few inhabitants who survived these terrible disasters retired to some distance, where they built the city of *Thurium*, which is supposed to be the *Tersanueva* of the present day.

So complete was the destruction of Sybaris, that no one trace of that magnificent city is now remaining. The two rivers, which at once ornamented and fertilized its fine plains, have transformed it into a foul marsh, which, during the hot weather, exhales the most pestilential vapours. Never, in any part of the globe, has there been witnessed a metamorphosis more extraordinary, a change more deplorable,—so much so that, despite of the historical certainty of the city having stood here,

still to an ordinary observer its existence in such a place might appear a physical impossibility. However, in examining the numberless local beauties of the country, the imagination delights to associate them with Sybaris; far it would be very difficult to find any situation more truly delightful. Stupendous mountains, covered with towns and villages, surround a vast plain, irrigated both with fresh and salt water, which, after flowing for some distance into the interior of the country, forms an immense basin that completes this splendid work of nature. The whole of this extensive region is now in the possession of the Dukes of Cassano and Corigliano. That part of the land which is not inundated, produces grain in abundance; and those districts which are uncultivated, bring forth the licorice-root without any effort of man. The remaining portions consist of pasture lands, extending an immense way, and covered, during the winter, with innumerable herds and flocks. Horses and mules are met with in vast numbers, and the greatest care seems to be taken in breeding them. The race-horses of the Duke of Cassano are deservedly held in high estimation through the kingdom. After having spent part of the day in exploring this quarter, which abounds so much in interesting recollections, we were conducted to a large farm belonging to the Duke of Corigliano. Here we were most hospitably entertained by his agent, who next day treated us to a grand hunting party.

The effeminate race of the Sybarites became conspicuous in ancient times for politeness and hospitality. These qualities seem naturally referable to a kindly soil and fine climate. Were we to judge of the feeling evinced towards us here by the manner in which our table is furnished, we might fairly say, that never were military men better off in country quarters. The plains and forests supply us with game of every kind; the sea, which is only a short distance from the town, sends us a variety of excellent fish; and we are importuned to accept wines of the most delicious flavour; in short, Corigliano has absolutely proved to us a modern Sybaris. But that which particularly heightens our enjoyment is, that we no longer hear one word said about brigandage.

This town took part in the general insurrection which broke out after the battle of St. Euphemia, and even wished to offer some resistance since the retreat of General Regnier,—a circumstance which caused several houses to be pillaged and burned down. A great number of the inhabitants afterwards gave themselves up to brigandage; but their chief, who was one of the old retainers of the duke, having been taken and hanged, the band which he commanded dispersed, and the parties were allowed to return to their homes, under the sanction of an amnesty. The consequence is, that for more than a year back this canton has enjoyed perfect security. To such a pitch is the passion for the chase carried in this country, that we find ourselves every day in the field, attended by

the principal inhabitants. All the people here take delight in this amusement; and to prevent them from indulging in it, their former despotic lord used to send to the galleys every individual who dared to contravene his prohibitory mandates. As game absolutely swarms in this quarter, eating up the produce of the land, we do good service in destroying it. I doubt if there is any country in Europe which furnishes so great a variety of all kinds. We set out on horseback at day-break, supplied with an abundant store of excellent provisions, and followed by a numerous pack of hounds. They are of a breed peculiar to Calabria, and known by the name of "Braccofocato." We generally spend two or three days in hunting over the plains of Sybaris, and through the forests of the Apennines. The most picturesque spots are chosen for our occasional halts, and our repasts are always seasoned with a keen appetite. Our nights are passed at the farm-houses in the most jovial manner, and we return to our quarters followed by vehicles of all sorts, and mules laden with wild boars, roebucks, deer, hares, pheasants, mallards, and wild geese, together with foxes and wolves, of which we have already killed an immense number.

In addition to the usual field-sports, there is here an extraordinary chase, which is that of wild bulls. Between the Chratis and the Cocillo, where once rose the stately edifices of Sybaris, there is a vast plain, covered with excellent pasture, and surrounded by a marsh, which can only be approached by sea. Here they propagate a breed of bulls and oxen, which live in a state of nature, being distinguishable by no marks, and having no herdsmen to attend to them. The hunting of these animals, though requiring little dexterity, is still fraught with danger. A young man, a resident of Corigliano, who was pursued by a wounded bull, must inevitably have been gored to death, if some expert chasseurs, attracted by his cries, had not succeeded in killing the furious animal.

We often make parties of pleasure to Cassano, a small town, fifteen miles distant from Corigliano, well-built, delightfully situated, and where there are hot-baths that are looked upon as a sovereign remedy for rheumatism. The Chevalier de Serra, brother of the duke, resides continually in the town, where he does the honours of his mansion, and received us with much politeness. To proceed to Cassano, you must pass the Chratis. This river, abandoned for ages to its impetuous and irregular course, does not allow of any sort of bridge being constructed over it; and an attempt has been made to supply the place of one by means of an enormous waggon drawn on two wheels, and surmounted with a kind of stage, which is elevated in proportion to the depth of the water. This rolling bark stands in waiting at the river-side, and as soon as a sufficient number of passengers is found assembled, the driver, with shrill cries raised to the top of his voice, brings together a pair of the tallest buffaloes that can be met with, and, plodding to the muddy swamp, they submit themselves to his yoke

with the greatest docility. Harnessed to this heavy machine, which is loaded with persons and goods, they sluggishly drag it along to the other side. No small degree of alarm is naturally excited lest it may be overturned in the midst of the water, as the wheels sinking alternately at the bottom, cause a most uneasy motion. To increase the general anxiety and embarrassment, horses must be led by the bridle, swimming along, and scarcely able to resist the violence of the current. I have really never crossed this river without fearing that it might realize in my case the passage of Acheron.

One of the greatest sources of trade in the duchy of Corigliano, consists in the making of licorice juice. In the month of November they pluck up this plant by the roots, and dry it in stoves. Then it is put into a mill, which reduces it to shreds resembling tow; after this it is placed in a cauldron of boiling water, whence it passes into another that brings it to the consistence necessary for its being made up in the form of sticks, as it is sent to foreign countries.

Nature would seem to have studiously furnished this region with all sorts of productions, even such as are not met with in the most favoured climates. The mountains adjacent to Corigliano supply the best manna in all Calabria; the tree that produces it is the ash, which buds forth in small leaves, and is known by the name of *ornus*. It grows without any cultivation in the midst of forests, and its substance is collected by means of a horizontal incision made in the trunk of the tree. Manna used to constitute part of the revenues of the crown, and was farmed out to a company that had the exclusive right of trading in it. This monopoly was a source of fresh vexation to the unfortunate peasants employed in collecting the article: as serfs of the soil, they were compelled to work without fee or reward, and the most barbarous system of surveillance was exercised over them.

ARLINGTON.

College Education.

That much which is valuable may be, and is acquired, at that celebrated university, it would be folly to dispute; but it does not appear that a due share of the advantages which it may afford are fairly meted to the aristocracy. The period of their stay there is abridged by their premature acquisition of a degree, which, while it comes late to others as the reward of merit and exertion, is by them obtained early and without a struggle, as a privilege accorded to their rank.

While thus encouraged to abstain from unnecessary applications, they are petted and puffed up with the exclusive possession of ridiculous distinctions—distinctions which would have suited hardly any period of English society, and certainly not the present. While our public schools are outrageously democratic, and degrade into menials boys of gentle birth, the system of the English universities is, in the contrary ex-

tre, aristocratic in its usages to a degree with which the habits of society are not in accordance. At Cambridge, the tenth son of an Irish baron, if he choose to put on the nobleman's gown, finds himself fenced round with privilege, and a line of demarcation drawn between him and the sons of untitled parents, as strong almost as royalty can claim in the levelling commerce of society. He is bowed out of chapel by the obsequious master, while the tutors and fellows follow humbly in his train. He is placed above them at table, and separated by their interposition from the approach of those who are admitted to another very ridiculous privilege, that of being fellow or gentlemen commoners.

Wealth in this country often leads to rank, therefore wealth as well as rank must have its due distinction; and those who are born to wealth, and come to the university to spend more and learn less than the rest of the under-graduates, are entitled to a distinguishing dress of a more showy appearance, encouraged by better rooms, admitted to the fellows' table, and made free of the heavy festivities of the combination-room. Distinctions, which society barely recognizes, are here made broad, and, if possible, important. The nobleman has his silken gown, and the wealthy commoner parades in a robe like the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But there is an intermediate link; the baronetage must not be overlooked; and the sons of this body are, as a tribute to the "order," allowed to dispense with the university cap, and wear the hat in its stead!

In a place of which education is the ostensible object, it might be thought that every part of the system ought in some degree to conspire to the end of instruction. But it may be fairly demanded, what good end is to be produced by forms and distinctions, which at a time when those outward shows have more effect than in after life, tend to impress an undue consideration for the adventitious advantages of rank and wealth,—which draw broad lines of demarcation unrecognized by the usages of society between classes which they ought rather to assimilate and combine,—which endeavour to make the poor man more sensible of his poverty, and the rich man of his wealth, and which, by the spontaneous gift of a valueless degree, take away the stimulus to exertion from a class in whom, as they have more inducements to be idle, it is more particularly desirable that exertion should be strongly encouraged?

What advantages Lord Arlington derived from his two years' residence at Cambridge, it would be very difficult to say. Respect for the ceremonies of religion was inculcated by the employment of the chapel service for the purpose of a muster-roll; and lest it should be supposed to have any higher object, his frequent attendance was dispensed with *because* he was a nobleman. There was no incitement to pursue the studies of the university beyond the very gentle solicitations of his very good-natured tutor, who candidly confessed, when pressed by his pupil with regard to the prospective ad-

vantages to be derived from present exertion, that as his lordship was in want neither of a fellowship nor of a profession, he really could not clearly see the use of it. The only stimulus to literary exertion which he received, was from the establishment of a debating society, of which he became a member during the last term of his sojourn; and for the purpose of shining in this, he read history and composed speeches, which he delivered with considerable success. But this, his only profitable literary occupation, was regarded with an evil eye by the authorities of the university; and though he did not stay to witness the suppression of the society, that fatal blow was soon given to its existence.

College Society.

Little, in truth does any one gain from the *society* of an university. Many who laud most its social advantages, are men who aspire to an admission into what they call good society, by a not very reputable subserviency to such as are either richer or better born than themselves. The wealthy manufacturer, who sends his son bedizened with the tinsel of a fellow-commoner's gown, to lose his money to Lord John and lend his horses to Lord William, thinks too often that he has done a fine thing for him, and established him permanently in aristocratical society; but it may be questioned whether either the young manufacturer, Lord John, or Lord William, are at all benefited by the connexion. Independence of character and honourableness of feeling are too probably injured in all: in the former, by the early development of purse-pride, and the habit of toadyism; in the latter, by training them in the sharper-like practice of preying on the folly of others, and bartering, for sordid considerations, that intimacy which should have been accorded only to friendship.

Independent of such miserable truckling, it may be doubted if young men of about the same age herding together, without any intermixture of those who are older, and debarred from the benefits of female society, can ever, in a social point of view, do each other much good. The tendency of such exclusive association is to make them selfish and coarse-minded, and deficient in that consideration for others to which society owes its most enduring charm.

Lord Arlington found at Cambridge few desirable associates. There were several at the university who might have been so esteemed, but want of opportunity prevented him from mixing with them. Circumstances were more in fault than he. College etiquette prevents one of later standing from seeking the acquaintance of a senior-undergraduate, from whom must come the first advance. His rank, which was there so preposterously denoted, and fenced round with outward distinctions, had made him less approachable by the generality, and threw him necessarily much into the society of those who belonged to the same class or were of the same college with himself.

From among his own class the choice was limited and uninviting. Two Irish Yahoos,

a north country jockey, a sot, two gamblers, a coxcomb, and a fribble, composed the brilliant assortment, out of which, among the wearers of full-sleeved gowns, Lord Arlington might select a friend. That he admitted not one of them to that distinction, is a circumstance creditable to his judgment; but that he lived much with them, and others like them, though it may be said in his defence that it would have been difficult to avoid it, is certainly little creditable to his taste. With them he went through a course of wretched yet costly miseries of what are considered the pleasures of "the world." He pretended to enjoy hunting, which Melton would have scorned; driving, which seemed recommended by nothing but prohibition and danger; got headaches with bad wine and insufferable compounds of the punch genus; and gave, in low, smoky, ill-furnished rooms, extremely bad dinners, at a cost which should have procured him the services of Ude.

A Private Tutor.

The tutor came to live in the house, and was thought every thing a tutor should be; Lord Arlington liked him, and he liked Lord Arlington; and there was the most perfectly good understanding between them. But it was unfortunately too good an understanding, and one which enabled each to pursue his own course and to do as he liked without constraining and interfering with the other. So the tutor practised the flute, and botanized and sentimentalized, and mused and reveried, and wrote verses on the first snowdrop and the last oak-leaf, and indulged the aspirations of his "fine mind" without bestowing a very lavish attention on the still finer mind of his pupil. The pupil meanwhile would be fishing and rabbit-catching, and coursing and shooting, and following the natural bent of lively, healthy, active boyhood, little checked by the tutor, who found more leisure for his own pursuits; and never checked, except for tearing his coat or dirtying his hands, by the fond, and not very intelligent mother, who smiled at the colour on his cheek when he came in warm with exercise, and only said it was "so good for him!"

POETRY.

RICHMOND POETRY.

To The Literary Guardian.

DEAR SIR,—Amongst my collections I find many original pieces of poetry, the productions of a few *bus-bleus* who were accustomed to meet at their social tea-tables in the neighbourhood of Richmond, about twenty or thirty years ago. If you think they are deserving of occasional insertion they are at your service. I send one as a specimen. Your's truly, POETICUS.

THE EVERGREEN TO MRS. FURZE.

BY LADY GREENLY.

Ah! what can fickle Anna mean
By saying *I* provoke the spleen?
I that have been esteemed with truth
An emblem of perpetual youth.
Where will she softer verdure find
Than in my species various kind?

Where, 'mong the plants that clothe the earth,
Such lasting charms and real worth?
And sure she'll own herself to blame
When she attempts to taint my fame.
In elder days and classic times,
Italian shores, and Grecian climes,
My ivy twin'd around the rod
Of Bacchus,—mirth inspiring God!
My myrtle crowned the lover's vows;
My laurel deck'd the victor's brows;
The poet pour'd his well-tun'd lay
But to acquire my lasting bay;
And all Olympia, (time has been,)
Aspir'd to gain an evergreen!

Say, shall the weak deciduous tree
In use and beauty vie with me?
When Winter's desolating reign
Embrowns the verdure of the plain,
Strips the tall forest of its leaves,
And ev'ry bush and brake bereaves,
The frozen branches of the trees
Are left expos'd to every breeze,
And not a red-breast shelter finds
From pelting rain, or cutting winds;
Till perch'd upon my well-cloth'd arm
He feels himself secure and warm;
Tries a faint song, forgets his ill,
And thinks that autumn lingers still.

Lo! 'gainst the north, or nipping east,
My hollies place their hardy breast,
Guarding from cold some mossy spot,
Or sheltering the shepherd's cot,
Their berries, like a coral row,
Blushing amid December's snow.

Who dares asperse my honour'd yew,
For cent'ries lasting firm and true?
See where it spreads its branches wide,
Some venerable pile beside,
Casting its deep and sacred shade
O'er the mourn'd relics of the dead.

Killarney's lake reflects with pride,
My arbutus's spreading wide,
O'er all her isles their branches shoot
Brilliant with blossoms and with fruit.

Where tow'rs the bleak and barren height
With snows of ages ever white.
No tint would cheer the dreary scene
But for the friendly evergreen.
My pines defy the cutting blast,
And clothe the steep, and deck the waste,
But wherefore should I longer dwell
On excellencies known so well?
Anna, whose bosom, kind and true,
Will scorn to give a meed undue.
Will e'en be candid to a tree,
And own injustice done to me,
Nor more aver her fit of spleen,
Was given by an Evergreen.

BIOGRAPHY.

CUVIER.

As perpetual secretary to the French Academy of Sciences, it was part of the duty of Baron George Cuvier, on the death of any member of that distinguished body, which, without distinction of nation, comprised many of the most famous men of science in Europe, to draw up and deliver a short account of his contributions to the progress of knowledge, and a comparative estimate of his merits. The time has now come for the Academy to appoint a successor to Cuvier in this delicate and interesting office, and the first duty which will devolve upon the new perpetual secretary, will be to give a sketch of the career of a man for whose equal the Academy might search, not only throughout France, but throughout Europe, in vain.

On the 15th of May, 1832, at half-past ten at night, Cuvier expired. Though he had reached the last stage of paralysis, he retained his faculties entire to the last day. He frequently expressed regret at being obliged to leave so many of his works unfinished, especially his Comparative Anatomy,

which it is said he had been actively employed upon almost immediately before his death.

The industry of Cuvier was almost as wonderful as his genius. The list of his writings is really astonishing. In the Index to the first twenty volumes of the "Annals of the Museum of Natural History," the titles of the various articles which he contributed, many of which are of considerable length, occupy several closely-printed quarto columns. To the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences" he was an almost equally liberal contributor. Many of these essays contain the most valuable suggestions and discoveries, and several have been incorporated in the larger separate works which he published on the subjects of his studies.

Of these, one of the most important is his excellent "Essay on the Mineralogical Geography of Paris," which he wrote in conjunction with Alexander Brongniart, and published in 1811. The "basins" of London and Paris are now, to the geological student, what the auxiliary verbs are to the learners of grammar—the forms which he studies with the very rudiments of the science, in order to see exemplified its more general maxims, and to compare with them whatever he meets on his further progress. That the capital of France shares this honour with the capital of England, that country may in a great measure ascribe to Cuvier.

But a more important work, and one of which Cuvier has the undivided glory, is the celebrated "Researches on Fossil Bones," which he published in four volumes quarto, in 1812, and to which he afterwards added a fifth. This is the work which definitely placed him at the head of the naturalists of Europe. It has been justly deemed one of the greatest advances in science on which this country can pride itself, that a naturalist can now, on the discovery of a fossil tooth, merely by the examination of that seemingly unimportant relic, pronounce with certainty on the nature of the animal to which it belonged, the distinguishing features of its structure, and even the prominent characteristics of its nature and habits. That this has been done, and that too with animals which, like the mammoth and the maslodon, have long disappeared from the face of the earth, that we have been enabled to form in part a natural history of the world before the creation of man—we owe chiefly to Cuvier. The discovery of a few bones, which to our ancestors would merely have seemed the testimonies of the reality of the existence of giants in the "good old days of Palmerin of England," and "Amadis of Gaul," has led in our times to an extension of the authentic history of nature, which we could hardly blame those who lived fifty or sixty years ago for regarding as wholly impossible.

Another work of Cuvier's, of the first importance, is "The Animal Kingdom," in four volumes octavo, in 1817. In this work Cuvier has done for animals what Linnaeus, or rather Jussieu, did for plants. By an exact classification of them according to their nature, he has at once facilitated the

study and the recollection of their structure and their habits. The publication of this work constituted an era in the fascinating science to which it belongs, and from its being the first work to which students in general apply, it is, perhaps, still more extensively known than any of Cuvier's other contributions to the progress of knowledge. It is a model of scientific compression and exactness.

Towards the end of 1829, Cuvier, in conjunction with Valenciennes, commenced the publication of a "Natural History of Fishes," to extend to from fifteen to twenty volumes octavo, or from eight to ten in quarto. This department of natural history has, in comparison with others, been so much neglected, that a work on it from the hand of Cuvier, who stated in his preface that for twenty years he had given his almost constant attention to its preparation, was hailed with an unanimous welcome, and the first volumes of it which appeared, were at once pronounced equal to the reputation of the author, and the expectations of the world of science.

Hitherto we have merely mentioned those works, (and of these but a selection,) in which Cuvier appears as the man of scientific research, but he is also distinguished in another character as the scientific historian. In all of his publications he devotes part of his labour to retracing the progress of the science which he is illustrating; and he has likewise published separate works on this interesting subject. His panegyrics on the deceased members of the academy of which he was secretary were collected and published in two volumes, octavo; to an edition of the works of Buffon which he superintended, he added a History of the Progress of the Study of Nature, from 1789 downwards; and just before the memorable revolution of 1830, he had commenced, at the College of France, a course of Lectures on the History of the Natural Sciences, which were to trace it from the earliest records down to the present day.

We might also, perhaps, consider Cuvier in the character of a statesman,—for he too, like Laplace and Lacépède, was of that "happy few, that band of brothers," who were withdrawn, by Napoleon, from science to mingle in politics. His fate in this respect may, perhaps, be the envy of some of our own scientific writers, who have not yet produced any work like "The Animal Kingdom," or the "Fossil Researches," but we shall best consult our own feelings for the illustrious dead by passing over this part of Cuvier's career in silence. If we may judge by his conduct in carefully withdrawing from all political affairs since the revolution of 1830, which made so many of his brother professors of the College of France desert their lecture-rooms for the Chamber of Deputies, Cuvier himself felt how much more honourable it was to his name to leave the troublous arena of politics to those who were unable to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of the garden of science.

Since the death of Cuvier, his merits seem to have become still more generally recognized in France than they were during

his life time, when the conduct of the politician had caused many to forget the merits of the naturalist. The King of the French has conferred on his widow the highest pension, 6000 francs a-year, which he has it in his power to bestow, and a public subscription is spoken of to raise a monument to his memory. His death seems to have created as great a sensation as that of the premier, (of whom France was deprived in the same week,) and the loss of Cuvier is deplored as the loss of one who cannot be replaced.

This great man was of course a member of most of the learned associations of Europe, and it is honourable to the English nation that, in the midst of the war of 1806, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In the letter which announced this honour to Cuvier and Lacépède, on whom it was conferred at the same time, Sir Joseph Banks expressed a hope that the animosities of nations might never force their way into the tranquil domain of science. When the liberality of Napoleon, in opening the continent to Sir Humphry Davy is recorded, this letter and its occasion should not be forgotten.

His principal works have been translated into English by various writers:—his Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, (which he was revising at the time of his death,) by Ross; his Introduction to the Animal Economy, by Allen; his Theory of the Earth, by Jameson; his Animal Kingdom, by Griffiths. The latter translator has, in various French and English journals, elicited remark on Cuvier's principal aspect as a man of science. The use of terms taken from the Greek and Latin in his writings is so very common that an index to some of his works is hardly intelligible to a Frenchman; and his idea of scientific compression is so strict that he frequently becomes to all but an enthusiastic student dry in the extreme. These faults are conspicuous in some of our English writers, but in none, however, half so conspicuous as in Cuvier. The defect is to be regretted; but where men of science make researches like Cuvier's, there are hundreds easily to be found who can present them in an attractive style to the public in general.

We had almost forgotten to mention that Cuvier was the son of a Protestant minister, and born at Montbéliard, in 1769,—“that fertile year,” says a French journalist, “which gave birth to a Napoleon, Chateaubriand, Schiller, Walter Scott, Canning, &c. &c. &c.” To this list the victor of Waterloo might be added, as well as the vanquished; but we must take from it one of the most distinguished of all. The two great men who are known to all the world by their Christian names,—the only two great men of this century who are so,—were not born in the same year, but their births stand in a remarkable relation to each other. Napoleon first saw the light on the 15th of August, 1769, and Sir Walter on the 15th of August, 1771.

May 24th, 1832.

II.

LITERARY CHAT.

NOBLE AUTHORS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

IF the publication of Horace Walpole's “Royal and Noble Authors” had been delayed till our time, the work would have extended to no inconsiderable number of volumes. The peerage has, in these days, sent forth its full complement of writers, some of whom have been “lords among poets,” as well as “poets among lords.” Roscommon was reckoned, by our fathers, the most successful wooer of the muses among the nobility,—but how has he, as well as Buckingham and Surrey, been obscured by the far superior brilliancy of BYRON? We have no living lord to match the author of “Childe Harold,” although we have a lengthened list to choose from. Lords Porchester and Mahon, the twin-members for the fortunate borough of Wootton-Basset, and apparently a pair of inseparable friends, although it might be absurd to toast them, as was done at the Burns-and-Hogg dinner, as the representatives of the “living poets and historians of England,”—have yet displayed no despicable share of merit. Lord Porchester, in his poem of “The Moor,” (the printing of which, by the by, is so exquisitely executed, that it is an honour to the press of Messrs. Bentley;—it is really most lordly,) and his (unsuccessful) tragedy of “Don Pedro,” and Lord Mahon, in his “Life of Belisarius;”—the latter young nobleman is now, it is understood, busily engaged on the “Memoirs of Lord Peterborough,” (his great ancestor,) on whose life we are also promised a volume in the “Family Library,” by Sir Walter Scott. Lord M.'s father, Earl Stanhope, whose annual discourse, as President of the Medico-Botanical society, does so much honour to his scientific attainments, is well acquainted with the literature of Germany,—in which country he was lately travelling,—he is the reputed translator and adaptor of “The King of the Alps and the Misanthrope,” produced, the season before last, at the Adelphi, with some success. That aristocratic little theatre had also the honour of bringing before the public the last production of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, the son of the Marquis of Stafford, best known in the republic of letters as the translator of Goethe's “Faust,” and more recently in the character of *doctor* to Dumas's “Catherine of Cleves:”—his lordship's only original published work, we believe, was the *jeu-d'esprit* on that fête at Boyle Farm, which has since been more highly illustrated by the poetry of the Irish melodist. Another noble dramatist is the Earl of Glengall, whose first essay was the now well-known farce of “The Irish Tutor,”—an alteration from the French piece of “Les Deux Précepteurs,”—which was originally produced at Cheltenham, under the title of “New Lights;” this was followed by another farce, “The Masquerade,” not so fortunate, and this by a more ambitious effort, the five-act comedy of “The Follies of Fashion,”—not taken from the French, but composed almost entirely of scenes bearing a strong resemblance to many in “The Rivals,” “The

School for Scandal,” &c. The Earl of Carlisle has also written several dramas, not intended for the stage; and his son, Lord Morpeth, is the perpetrator of “The Last of the Greeks, or the Fall of Constantinople,” a tragedy ever cold and lifeless, and now almost forgotten. Lord John Russell has to plead guilty to a similar offence, of which the “living witness” is the tragedy of “Don Carlos,” founded on the deeply-interesting story of the unfortunate Infant of Spain,—a story already dramatized by the master hand of Schiller; but his lordship is, perhaps, most favourably known to the literary world as the author of “Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht,” a most amusing work, abounding in light anecdote, although published in a brace of lumbering quartos. These, with “Considerations on the English Constitution,” (of which a most annoying use has been made by its author's opponents,) and some occasional political pamphlets, compose the “Works” of this literary scion of the house of Bedford. Lord Holland, we believe, has published nothing since his translations from “Lope de Vega;” nor has Lord Strangford favoured the public with any work, since his elegant version of “Camoent.” Lord Nugent has just made his appearance as “a regular author,” by sending forth “Hampden, his Party, and his Times,” a work of considerable research, which has involved its author in a controversy with Mr. Israeli. Before the appearance of this, the portly “lord of the treasury” had only fleshed his maiden sword in “The Keepsake,” where his productions shone to much advantage, being far superior to the staple commodities of that aristocratic album. Now we have mentioned “The Keepsake,” a whole host of names, well known to Debbrett, rushes upon us. The list begins, we recollect, with Lord Ashtown,—but as to the rest of the *rank* and file, we cannot remember a soul of them—no matter, no one deserves immortality for an article in an annual.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FINE ARTS.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON TASTE

BY ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF ART.

“I KNOW nothing of art,” says a modest man who has been for half an hour gazing with delight upon some beautiful picture, half afraid to confess his admiration without a legitimate right to admire, and wondering how it is he cannot join in the lavish praises bestowed upon a neighbouring daub of more gaudy pretensions, but trashy merit; whilst Mr. So-and-so, having the reputation of “a great judge,” and the consummate complacency of a coxcomb, is expatiating, and expanding, with air-smoothing hand, and contracted brow, and guttural, “Aw—aw!” in all the four corners of the room at once. And what is the rationale of this apparent paradox? In the one case the spectator is struck with wonder and delight, yet at the same time perhaps impressed with a deep conviction of his own inability

either to imitate or sufficiently laud the work of the master-hand before him; in the other case, excessive vanity joined to excessive ignorance fills up the vacuum of his brain, leaving no faculty but that of speech, which is freely made use of, as are also the names of sundry great men of by-gone genius, to him, all but in *name*, unknown.

"I don't understand music," says another quiet gentleman as an excuse for his apparent dulness during the execution of a magnificent operatic performance, leaving him neither words nor time to give vent to his satisfaction; whilst in a neighbouring box is heard the simpering voice of a thoroughbred amateur, who declares himself "music-mad," who lives on song, and can only breathe freely under the lamps of the Opera House,—would sooner lose half his dinner than half a bar of the overture,—would not miss a single note for the world, and most effectually drowns the charming morceau, to the beauties of which he is so assiduously directing your notice. Here again we have the same people to deal with, and the same inference is to be drawn;—the silence of the one, and the talkativeness of the other belie what they say of themselves; the real, spiritual, unheard charm of music is not for corporeal senses to appreciate, having only communion with the inner part of man, of whom "the heart telleth not its secrets." The enjoyment which proceeds from sound alone is appreciable by any ears, however long, and is not by any means incompatible with the equally unmeaning sound of tongues most tirelessly tiresome.

"There is no poetry in my soul," says one man, who talks very good sound sense, and can understand a very good argument, and wears a coat of ordinary cut, with a decent shirt collar, and a head of hair of moderate pretensions. Now, perhaps, this man thinks a great deal, though he talks but moderately, and has a great many fine ideas of his own, and a good appreciation of the beauties of nature, and the wonders of art;—nay more; perhaps he is well read in all our classic authors, and is so well acquainted with Shakspeare, and Milton, and Byron, as to have their very spirit running through his veins; and yet he has no poetry! But on the other hand, Master This or Tother is both a genius and a poet. He is a genius because he wears a curiously cut coat, and an extravagantly *degagé* air; he is a poet because he is very absent in the presence of ladies, specially be they young and pretty, and talks with a most dulcet and scarcely perceptible voice; he is a genius because he displays a very bushy and unbrushed head-gear, and affects to forget he has such a thing even as a head upon his shoulders; he is a poet because his shirt collars are of full double measure, and twisted in every way but the right; whilst his fingers, long and taper, are forever, like his eyes, "in a fine phrenzy rolling." In fine, he is a genius because he will sometimes say nothing for a week-and-a-half together, scarcely deigning to hear when spoken to; and anon, talks very silly nonsense by the hour, seeming to care as

little whether he is listened to or not; and he is a poet because, in his most complacent moments, and when not very much pressed, he will quote heaps of rhyme from Byron and Scott, and when least expected, and perhaps least wanted, scrawls miserable sonnets and incomprehensible "fragments" of what was never intended for a whole,—*"lines"* without measure, and *"thoughts"* without an idea, in young ladies' scrap-books, and old maids' albums.

MR. LITERARY GUARDIAN,—for it is now time that I take up my speech and address myself to you who have done me the honour to read so far without introduction,—the above is no imaginary description, no air-drawn or highly coloured picture; the characters are real, and of every-day occurrence, I myself being, I was going to say, unhappily, situated in one of these very cases; and it is the conviction of this which incites me now to thought and pen.

I cannot but think it highly absurd to make a mystery about Art, which after all, and in its highest attributes, is but an humble follower or imitator of Nature. Painting and sculpture are the means which speak through the eyes; poetry, with its more refined concomitant music, addresses itself through the sense of hearing. The painter, with all the skill of a practised hand, and a highly-cultivated talent, can produce nothing to exceed what in nature may be supposed every moment, and at every turn to occur;—for if he do surpass nature in dazzling effect of colour, or extravagant drawing, he is guilty of an excessive impropriety, unless, indeed, he professedly design to represent a fairy, or other imaginary subject. The musician, too, who by extraordinary combinations of instruments or chords, produces a sound which has neither the conviction of nature nor reason to recommend it to man's better judgment, courts only the admiration of the ear, the vulgar passage of sound; and receives his full reward in the noisy and senseless applause of his "groundling" hearers. In short, the real excellence of a work of art, whether in music or painting, is in its approximation to the truth, and propriety of nature, and therefore I conclude that any man with sound eyes, and good ears, who has well studied nature, and knows what truth is, and what it is that pleases his own taste, may be a very proper judge of art. Everybody knows the countryman's criticism on the acting of Garrick, to the effect that it was "no acting at all!" and this, though not, perhaps, intended for praise, was in truth the highest and most unerring compliment the genius of Garrick has yet had to boast of. The countryman came to the play to see something new and extraordinary, and little dreaming that so much trouble was to be taken to imitate the every-day passions and proceedings of life;—he of course duly applauded the paper and pasteboard extravagances of the second and third-rate actors, and admired them for their unnatural novelty; but though he was undoubtedly more affected by Garrick's performance, he did not appreciate the merit, nor the diffi-

culty of his exertions. In the same way is it with every matter where the senses are concerned. In affairs of taste, to take it first in its lowest acceptation, what man is there who will sit down to a well-covered table and profess himself no judge of cookery?—He perhaps will not understand the culinary science through which so many delicious dishes have been set before him, but undoubtedly he will not be very long before he give practical evidence of his preference for one delicacy over another. Here then is a judge of cookery, as far as results are to be considered, though he may be very ill able to understand the means by which that happy result has been obtained, and still less capable of appreciating the respective difficulty and merit of the several compositions. Instead of eating let us now consider a more refined branch of art, and for the mouth substitute an eye or an ear, with the soul and intelligence of a man well versed in all the beautiful varieties and combinations of nature, having a correct memory and judgment to guide him; and shall I be told that such a man is not a most competent person to advance an opinion upon any work of painting or music? Assuredly he will give a very fair judgment of the work which is set before him, though he will not understand, and perhaps will pay no regard to the difficult study, the novel calculations, and slow laborious steps, by which that work has been brought to its present state of perfection. And this is the difference between a judge of art, and a judge of mere manipulation;—the one praises the beauty of the work, the other is content to admire the difficulties which the artist has had to overcome. Now both these characters are sometimes very happily united, and then we have a most excellent and thorough critic, whom any artist might be glad to meet with.

I have endeavoured to prove, therefore, that any one who likes it, may be a judge of art, and having so put in *my* claim to speak, I may from time to time address you a few crude and random notions on these matters. I hope it will be generally agreed with me that the real excellence of a work of art is "in its approximation to the truth, and propriety of nature." Every man of thought well knows, that "association of ideas," as it is termed, is one of the highest pleasures the mind of man is susceptible of;—it has, moreover, been attempted to define us bipeds "a cooking race," and assuredly we show, both in our physical and moral being, that we have a great delight in mixtures and unions of all kinds. If we are in excess of happiness, we are yet miserable till we find some one to be happy with us;—if unhappy, our misery is often assuaged by the mere sympathy of one with whom we love to commune. The moment of enjoyment is never that in which we live, for the mind will surely travel to some future or some passed period for its temporary sojourn. If we meet with any beautiful spot or object, the pleasure it gives us is much enhanced if it bring to mind some recollection of former happiness;—if we hear a sound, however rude or simple, it will bring

with it a certain charm, provided it remind us of some rude note or habitation of our youth. It is this innate principle of connexion and assimilation that gives the greatest beauty to all the refined excellences of composition. The use of simile in poetry is, perhaps, the most beautiful adornment that can be bestowed on language; and according to the natural elegance of its introduction is the skill of the poet, and the delight of the reader. But the three sister-arts of Poetry, Painting, and Music, have all, in reality, the same spiritual object, though they may speak in a different language;—and it is in their mutual assimilation of idea that they show their highest refinement and cultivation. Poetry describes, what painting actually represents, and music may be brought in so appropriately, as entirely to harmonise with both, and produce an effect of the most rapturous and living beauty. Having thus brought these three delightful branches of art under one view, I shall bid the subject adieu for the present.

J. N.

NEW PRINTS.

THERE are a few specimens of art before us which we can but briefly mention. *Cruikshank's Illustrations of Smollet, Fielding, and Goldsmith*, are a series of forty-one plates, the same which we have had occasion at different times to mention as they successively appeared in the volumes of Roscoe's "Novelist's Library." They form a rich volume of fun, with letter-press description, extracted from the several authors to which they refer.—Messrs. Smith and Elder's *Byron Gallery*, the first part of which has been published some weeks, is got up in most super-excellent style as far as the printer and engraver are concerned. The attempt, however, to embody the splendid descriptions and imaginings of such a noble mind in a series of original designs, is a bold one, and it remains to see, from further specimens, how far success may warrant the ambitious undertaking.—Mr. Lucas's plate of the *Destruction of the Cities of the Plain* is a clever imitation of Martin's bold mezzotinto style, and is well worthy the attention of the curious in these freaks of art.

MUSIC.

KING'S THEATRE.

BEETHOVEN'S name has had a glorious triumph over the neglect which ignorance and conceit had vainly endeavoured to cast about it; and his works, which, unheard, were considered as scarcely worth hearing, have been proved worthy of the highest praise the musical criticism of the day is capable of bestowing. Poor Beethoven! his genius was of a high and original character, and therefore was he doomed to die of disappointment before his fame could live! The *Fidelio*, as now performing by the German company at the King's Theatre, has given the lie direct to all the anticipations of the sagest critics, of whom it is but kindness to conclude that they had all along adventured their opinions upon the foundation of a total ignorance of the work itself. As an

opera we will venture to place it upon the very highest rank, with a fair neck-and-neck race with the inimitable *Don Juan* of Mozart; in its complete form it is indeed completeness, and in every particular is it highly dramatic and full of interest. And yet we were prepared on all hands to find it dull, heavy, and full of sadness,—and why?—for the simple reason that it was called *Fidelio*, and was the composition of Beethoven. Add to this, that the drama is very original, highly elegant and graceful, full of the simple romance of true poetry; and can we picture a finer intellectual treat than that which its performance affords? But we are not going to be satisfied with such general praise, we have been so much delighted with every minute excellence of this chef-d'œuvre, that at the imminent risk of betraying our technical ignorance, we shall adventure upon a little detail.

In the first place, as to the story. It is simply that of a young and faithful wife, (*Leonora*), who seeks to release her husband, a Spanish nobleman, (*Florestan*), from the captivity of a state-prison to which he had been unjustly condemned. With this object at heart, she enters the service of the gaoler, *Rocque*, in the guise of a young lad, and with the name of *Fidelio*. *Pizarro*, the governor of the prison, is a wicked and unjust man; and receiving private intelligence that the minister of state is about to come upon him by surprise, to inquire into his "stewardship," the state of the prisoners, and the nature of the charges against them, immediately resolves to destroy the before-named *Florestan*, whom, from deadly hatred alone, and without authority, he had kept in solitary and miserable confinement. He communicates his desires to the gaoler, *Rocque*, who, at first horror-struck, at length pretends to acquiesce, and engages to prepare a grave for the interment of the body, in the very cell of the prisoner himself. *Fidelio*, or rather *Leonora*, determined to ascertain whether it be indeed her husband that is so imprisoned, resolves to accompany and assist *Rocque* in the execution of this unwelcome task. Whilst occupied in digging up the pavement at the back of the stage, *Leonora* hears the frantic exclamations of *Florestan*, who has been doomed to starvation, upon a paltry and daily diminished pittance of bread and water; and she recognises, in those heart-breaking accents, the voice and misery she had so much dreaded to hear. A most interesting scene now follows, which is suddenly interrupted by the arrival of the tyrant *Pizarro*, who comes to finish his bloody work of death. In this he is at length foiled by *Leonora*, who throws herself between the tiger and his victim, and resolutely presents a pistol, which she had previously concealed for the purpose, at the head of the former; keeping him at bay till the trumpet-sound and cries without announce the arrival of the minister;—when what follows may be easily conceived.

Such is a bare outline of the facts of the story;—we could dilate without limit upon the beautiful incidents in which the conduct of the piece abounds, and the magnificent

acting of Madame Schroeder Devrient, who is by far the finest mistress of her art that has appeared in England for many a long year;—but we shall confine ourselves to the one scene last described, in which the denouement is worked out. When first she descends into the "horrid maw" of living death, a kind of shudder of mingled chilliness and anxious dread pervades her frame, and gives an expressive wildness to her demeanour;—when *Rocque* tells her to be silent, for "there is the prisoner!" she appears to receive an additional shock from the suddenness of the announcement, and examining cautiously the appearance of *Florestan*, says, in a broken voice, "he appears to be quite motionless!" *Rocque* still proceeding with his work, carelessly remarks, "perhaps he is dead!" when *Leonora*, almost overcome with doubt and sudden grief, merely exclaims, but in a tone which is as touching as the exclamation is simple, "do you think so?" They then proceed to task, *Leonora* with forced alacrity, and unmindful of the hard labour she is undergoing, but ever and anon looking anxiously round to gain proof or contradiction of her doubts. She affects to think lightly of her work, and, with the utmost readiness, lends a hand in lifting up the enormous flags which cover the intended grave, puffing for want of breath, and wiping her forehead with the back of her sleeve, in very off-hand style. She then takes courage, whilst the back of her master is turned to advance towards the prisoner, and in a beautiful strain of energy and feeling, declares to him, "by all that's sacred, thou shalt not fall a sacrifice!—Assuredly I will loose thy chain; I will set thee free, thou poor forsaken one!" not knowing, as yet, whether or not it be her husband. Ere long, *Florestan* awakes, and, upon his speaking, *Leonora* recognizes the voice of her husband, and falls, with a faint exclamation, on the edge of the tomb. When *Florestan* inquires of the gaoler the name of his tyrant, and then beseeches him to send, with all speed, to Seville for "*Leonora Florestan*," she awakes from her lethargy, and exclaims, "Lord of mercy! he suspects not that she is digging his grave!" *Florestan* begs for a drop of water, wine is all that *Rocque* has, which at last he consents to give, and *Leonora*, forgetting herself, runs eagerly forward with it;—*Florestan* inquires of *Rocque* who she is, she recollects herself, stops short, and passes off as the assistant of the gaoler;—trembling, however, as she hands him the pitcher. *Rocque* shortly retires for the purpose of sounding the signal for *Pizarro's* coming, and *Leonora* is irresistibly drawn to closer conference with *Florestan*, giving him comfort in the following simple yet impassioned strain:—"Be composed I tell you. Do not forget—whatever you hear or see—do not forget, that there is a Providence over all—yes, yes!—there is a Providence above!" With what admirable propriety the whole of this scene is conducted, and how it puts to the blush the rag-tearing, ranting flummery which is put into our Anglo-Gallic heroines upon all such occasions, about laying down lives, and tearing out hearts, and

all such common-place maxims of kitchen pathos! When Pizarro enters, muffled in a cloak, Leonora steps back, but keeps a fixed eye upon every motion of the stranger;—at last the latter, exasperated, is aiming his dagger at his victim's breast, and now, not in words but deeds, full vent is given to the passion that has been before restrained,—“Back, monster!” exclaims the resolute wife, as she rushes in before her husband, and presents an undaunted look at his foe; and again, after parley, and having been pushed aside, she runs between them exclaiming “Kill first his wife!” Then a general astonishment and recognition takes place; in the excitement of which, however, Leonora never for an instant loses her presence of mind;—when Pizarro, resolved not to be foiled by a woman, prepares even to sacrifice them both to his vengeance, she draws her pistol, which, with outstretched, determined, yet trembling hand, she holds at his head, following him closely till he has left the dungeon; and then overcome with her exertion, drops her head upon the projecting buttress, at the point of his exit. “Faithful, inestimable wife!” exclaims Florestan, “what hast thou gone through for my sake!” “Nothing, nothing, my Florestan!” she cries; for in truth she forgets every past trouble in the fond embrace of her husband; and a most charming and joy-stirring duet concludes this splendid scene. Those who have not witnessed this piece of acting, may perhaps find our detail tedious and over-enthusiastic. To such as have been twice present, as we have, we doubt not we shall stand excused for this little dilation.

To speak now of the music, and that briefly;—it is of a super-excellent description throughout, though, perhaps, not always of that kind to seize the ears of the vulgar mob. The overture is a noble composition, highly appropriate, and with a beautiful series of *fugues* from the flutes throughout all the instruments, down to the trombones, when it is exquisitely blended with the full accompaniment of the band. There is a fine canon, too, in the first act, sung by the four principal singers. The recitative and air by Madame Schroeder—“Oh, sweet hope!” is full of melody and glowing effect, and the “Chorus of Prisoners” is one of the most complete and finest pieces of music ever heard upon the stage; it opens with a beautifully soft and creeping symphony, as the sun beams and fresh air may be supposed to caress the poor captives, who for a moment are permitted to see the light; then, as they recover their first astonishment, rises into a flowing strain of joy and gratitude, in which they join, but suddenly sinks again at the words—“the dungeon's a tomb!”—again the happy melody swells out, and bursts in a torrent of enthusiasm as they promise themselves deliverance and freedom. But, lo! they are observed by the guard on the castle walls, and Fidelio passes amongst them, warning them of their danger;—they confer in an under breath, till the soldier again disappears, and then once more give vent to their feelings. This splendid piece is always rapturously encored.

The first act ends with rather a melancholy strain, sung in chorus by these prisoners as they are driven back to their cells;—in point of policy, this perhaps was injudicious when dealing with a theatrical audience, though one with any taste for music must appreciate the great propriety of feeling with which the drama and the music were thus, as it were, left in sad incertitude. In the second act, the genius of the composer has yet more room to display its resources, but we cannot attempt to follow it through its various windings. Florestan's first prison soliloquy is full of passion and touching melancholy of character; with an occasional tinge of brighter colouring, as thoughts of home and freedom occur;—the whole of the subsequent *scena* is skilfully and tastefully conducted, and the sudden stoppage of the instruments, when Leonora presents her pistol at the tyrant, and the change immediately afterwards to the trumpet and voices behind the scenes, was a striking effect, and, moreover, a very correct one. The finale is of a scientific and elaborate kind, worked out with admirable and appropriate variety, and is always encored. We have said very little of the instrumentation;—we never heard a finer series of accompaniments than those to this splendid *scena*;—the rapid triplet passages were most happily introduced, and took the audience quite by surprise. Their enthusiasm showed that they were worthy of the magnificent music that was brought before them.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—Speed the Plough; the Bride of Ludgate.
Saturday.—Virginius; the Tyrolese Peasant; Pop-ping the Question.
Monday.—The Devil's Bridge; the Rent Day; the Waterman.
Tuesday.—The Honey Moon; Charles the Twelfth.
Wednesday.—Werner: Turning the Tables; the Brigand.
Thursday.—The School for Scandal; X. Y. Z.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Stranger; the Tartar Witch.
Saturday.—The Hunchback; the Tartar Witch.
Monday.—The Man of the World; the Irish Tutor; the Tartar Witch.
Tuesday.—Guy Mannering; X. Y. Z.
Wednesday.—The Hunchback; the Tartar Witch.
Thursday.—The Lord of the Manor; Black Eyed Susan,

THE past week has been chiefly occupied by benefits, which present little or no novelty worthy of record. On Harley's night, (Monday,) Miss Hyland made a fourth appearance as the *Countess Rosalvina*, in the *Devil's Bridge*, a part which gave her natural abilities and grace a fairer opportunity than the poor vulgarisms of the *Beggar's Opera*. Liston played *Dominic Sampson* and *Neddy Pray* for Miss Shirreff on Tuesday; and T. P. Cooke his eternal *William* to the *Black Eyed Susan* of Miss Inverarity, for the latter's benefit on Thursday. Drury Lane will close for the season this evening;—next week we may take a survey of the past doings of these legitimates. On Wednesday next the public will assemble at Covent Garden to bid farewell to one of the very few remaining props that time, and

the fate of management, have left our national drama;—Mr. Young will then play his chef-d'œuvre, *Hamlet*, for he last time, and afterwards “take leave of the audience.” The farce of *Gretna Green* is to conclude the entertainments, an appendage which we think, if there be indeed any real regret in leave-taking, might well be dispensed with on such occasions.—The audience, in the best days of the drama, have sometimes shown their taste by insisting upon its omission.

MINORS.

ADELPHI.—Mathews continues his new *At-Home* with full success. His songs go off more smoothly from repetition, and even seem to increase in humour. “The Hackney Coach” and “The Fox Hunt” are first-rate gems of comicality, and tell with excellent effect—the speaking parts especially are to the life. In “The Auction Mart,” George Robins and his compeers are “knocked down” in an inimitable imitation. As George himself would say, “it hath an approach near unto reality.” The *Eddystone Lighthouse* monopolylogue is any thing but heavy, and is really well worth seeing; it is a blaze of fun from beginning to end. The old sailor, *Adam Child*, a sort of juvenile octogenarian, is one of the most effective characters, but all are extremely good. The “Comic Annual for 1832” may look forward to a long reign and a merry one.

STRAND.—Mrs. Waylett has taken this concern, with the intent of creating a counter-attraction to the house over the way, the Olympic, and with a very fair prospect of success. Female management is now quite the rage, notwithstanding the unpopularity of “petticoat government.”

CITY.—The future manageress of the Strand is starring in Milton Street, where she immediately succeeded Miss Clarke, the tight-rope dancer; who, for her benefit, produced the “favourite comedy” of *Billy Button*, with a real horse!—We expected better things from Mr. Webster's management.

MISCELLANEA.

'Tis in vain to regret a misfortune when 'tis past retrieving, but few have philosophy or strength enough to practise it. A famous physician ventured five thousand guineas upon the South Sea project:—When he was told at Garraway's that 'twas all lost, “Why,” says he, “'tis but going up five thousand pair of stairs more.” This answer deserved a statue.—*Tom Brown's New Maxims of Conversation*, 1710.

“What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander.” When any calamities befel the Roman empire, the Pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians. When Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the Pagans.—*Ibid*.

Anecdote of Voltaire.—Clement of Geneva, ycleped Clement Maraud, to distinguish him from Clement Marot, composed a tragedy entitled “Merope,” which could never be produced on the stage. One day

a footman presented himself to Voltaire, requesting to be taken into his service. Voltaire asked him with whom he had lived. He replied with Clement of Geneva. "Scoundrel!" said Voltaire to him, staring him full in the face, "You look very like the fellow who composed the three first acts of his Merope."

Natural Feeling.—Never apologize for showing feeling, my friend. Remember that when you do so, you apologize for truth.—*Contarini Fleming.*

Pretty Idea.—I marked a rose bedewed with tears, a white and virgin rose; and I said—"Oh, rose! why do you weep? you are too beautiful for sorrow!" And she answered—"Lady, mourn not for me, for my grief comes from heaven."—*Ditto.*

New Air Pump.—M. Thilorier presented for the examination of the Academy, and as one of the competitors for the mechanical prize in 1832, a new pump for creating vacuum, which acts entirely by hydrostatic power, without being aided in its operations by any moveable pieces whatever, and being independent of piston, valve, or cock. The inventor alleges, that his "Pneumato-static Pump," which is the name he gives it, is essentially different from the mercurial pumps hitherto brought forward.

Beggars.—Seeing a man begging and accosting a number of persons with no success, saying "Give me a penny, and the Lord will bless you for it," my friend remarked to me that that man did not deserve to be relieved as he was taking the Lord's name in vain!—*T.*

"*The Gipsies of Calabria,*" says the author of '*Calabria,*' "Like all those who traverse the other parts of Europe, are composed of wandering bands, possessing neither lands nor fixed property of any kind, and never allying themselves with any class of citizens. Their origin is as much a mystery as their religious rites, which they always like to celebrate in gloomy caves, or in the depths of forests. They speak the language of the country with a foreign accent, and their own peculiar tongue appears to be evidently derived from the East. Their ostensible pursuit is to work at old iron of every description, but they more frequently live by their wits, telling fortunes, making juggling excursions to fairs and markets, and bartering horses and asses, which are generally stolen. Their raiment is miserable, their indecency excessive; my unexpected appearance suddenly interrupted them at a moment when they were celebrating a marriage. An old sorceress presented to me the young bride, who, taking me by the hand, offered to tell my fortune; I gave her a piaster as a compensation for whatever uneasiness my unwelcome presence had caused. She was a very young girl, and despite of the deep swarthy hue of her complexion, would have appeared to great advantage in any other attire than that in which she was arrayed. She had dark, animated eyes, beautiful teeth, a sweet expression of countenance, and in person was tall, and delicately formed."

NOTICE.

FAC-SIMILE LETTER OF LORD BYRON.

THE lithography of this curious and interesting document is now completed, and Specimens may be obtained by all Booksellers on application. The required number of impressions cannot be worked off for a week or two, so we think it best to promise its delivery to all the purchasers of No. 38, on June 16th; orders for which should be given without delay.

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